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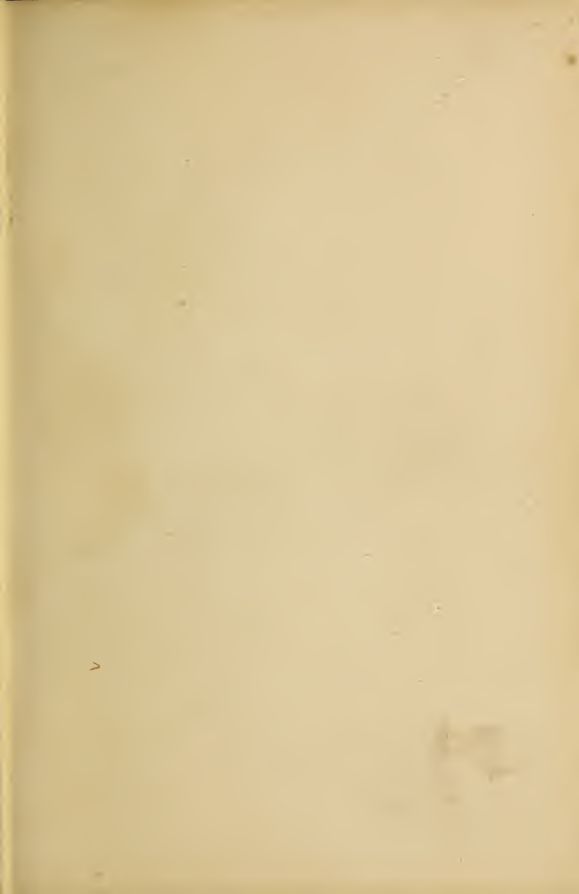
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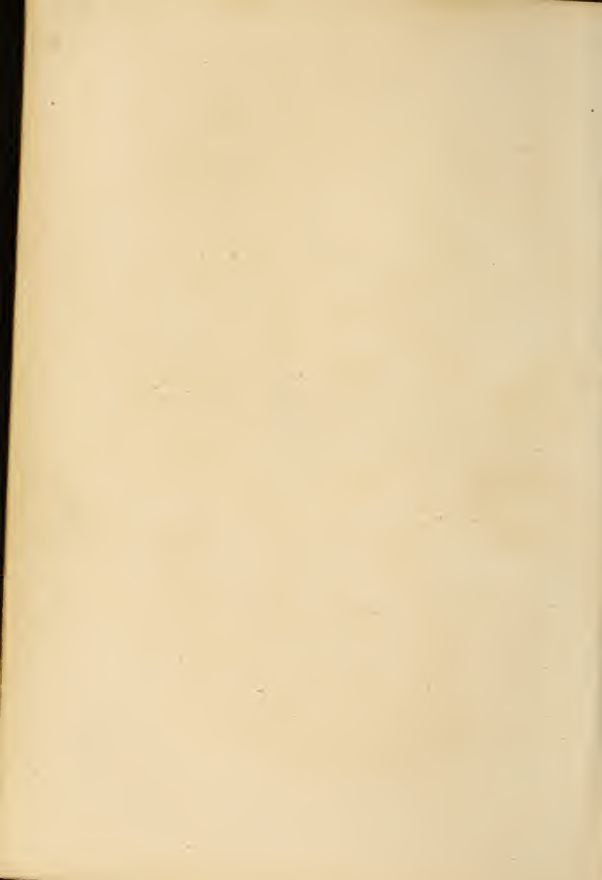
Division

Section

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Engraved by J. G. Thompson.



Wake, Dearest,
Wake!



My beauty has a sure fire to



can compare to the
bold pleasure



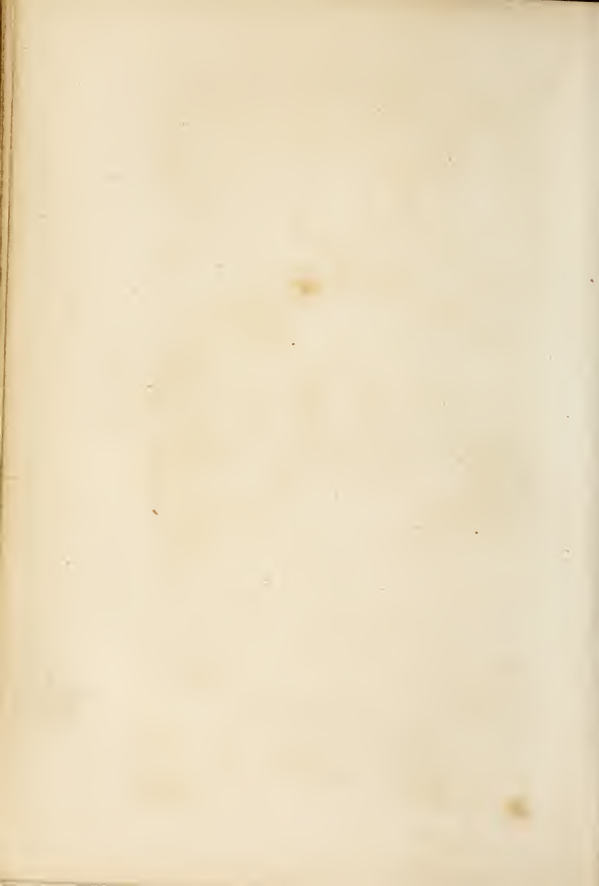
My love and duty



There's a health to all good laws



My love and duty



THE
SINGER'S OWN BOOK:

A

Well-Selected Collection

OF

THE MOST POPULAR

SENTIMENTAL, PATRIOTIC, NAVAL,
AND COMIC SONGS.

AS SUNG BY

Messrs. Sinclair, Braham, Phillips, Horn, Pearman, Wood,
Brough, and Russell; Mesdames Austin, Knight, Feron,
Pearman, Keely, Watson, and Wood; Misses
Hughes, Rock, Povey, Kelly, Clara Fisher,
Turpin, Horton, and Watson.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN BALL,
No. 48 North Fourth Street.
1851.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Preface
TO
THE FIRST EDITION.

IN presenting this collection of Songs to the public, the publishers would beg leave to state, that no expense or time has been spared to render it every way superior to any work of the kind that has hitherto been presented to the American public. No songs have been admitted that do not claim the title of *merit*, either in composition or in air. The whole have been arranged by a gentleman of acknowledged musical taste and abilities, who has been at very considerable trouble in collecting songs to which few others could have had access, and which are now for the first time submitted to general perusal.

In this collection will be found most of the popular and favourite airs of Messrs. Sinclair, Braham, Phillips, Hern and Pearman; Mesdames Austin, Knight, Feron and Pearman; Misses Hughes, Rock, Povey, Paton, Kelly

and Clara Fisher; and other celebrated vocalists who have delighted the world with their "'witching melody."

In fine, the publishers believe their work well worthy the approbation and patronage of the public.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that not a single line has found admission into this book, which can directly or indirectly offend the nicest modesty, or mantle the cheek of beauty with the faintest blush.

Preface

TO

THE THIRTIETH EDITION.

THE publishers of "THE SINGER'S OWN BOOK," since the issuing of the first edition, have received the most unequivocal proofs of the estimation in which the work is held by the public. Within a period of little more than two years, upwards of *thirty thousand* copies have been disposed of, and the demand appears to be still increasing;—a degree of popularity, which, it is confidently believed, has never before been obtained by a work of this kind, within the United States.

The mere statement of the above fact is as strong a commendation as the publishers can bestow upon the book. Yet they are anxious to render it still more worthy of the favour with which it has been received. They have accordingly again availed themselves of the services of a gentleman of musical taste and discrimination, who has selected the choicest

songs from the latest publications, and added them to the former extensive list. The work has thus received very important additions, and is presented to the public with a decided conviction that its claims to favourable notice have been very materially increased.

PHILADELPHIA, }
Jan'y, 1835. }

THE
AMERICAN
SINGER'S OWN BOOK

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the peril-
ous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was
still there?
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow'ring steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses:
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star spangled banner! oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country, shall leave us no more?

Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps'
pollution:

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,

—From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,

And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued
land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
a nation:

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

HIGHLAND MARY.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around

The castle of Montgomery,

Green be your woods and fair your flowers

Your waters never drumilie;

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,

And there they langest tarry;

For there I took the last farewell

Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom;

As underneath her fragrant shade

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours on angel wings

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early:
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

HASSAN THE BRAVE.

Behold me, sung Hassan, the fearless and free,
On the steed which obeys not a rider but me;
That points, like the quills of the eagle, his ears,
And whose bound in the desert is light as the deer's
Behold me, with sabre, new sharpen'd and bright,
With pistols new flinted, and burnish'd for fight;
My cap with fresh scarlet so gaily bedone,
And my baldrick of silver, that gleams in the sun.

When my true love espies me, the heart in her breast
Shall beat quick as the pigeon's, when robb'd of her
nest;
She will hush the hoarse watch-dog, and hie to the
grove,
That the eye of her kindred espy not her love:
Yet let them descry me, their wrath I defy,
And why should she tremble, when Hassan is nigh?
Like the hawk from the covey, selecting his prey,
From the midst of her tribe would I bear her away.

I would mount her behind me, sung Hassan the free,
 On the steed which obeys not a rider but me;
 That points, like the quills of the eagle, his ears,
 And whose bound in the desert is light as the deer's.
 For I come with sabre, new sharpen'd and bright,
 With pistols new flinted, and burnish'd for fight;
 My cap with fresh scarlet so gaily bedone,
 And my baldrick of silver, that gleams in the sun

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Ilka body has a body,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 But a' the lads they lo'e me,
 And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka body has a body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.

MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake
 Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake;
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on the tree,
 Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me
 Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
 'Thread-bare is my coat, and my hosen are torn;

Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on
me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the tavern still claims the great
chair;

But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on
me.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Sung by Mr. Russell.

Woodman, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now ;
Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh ! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here ;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storms still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

As sung by Mr. Brough.

The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last ;
The world, which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays !
But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded
The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing
When winter's winds are past, come hither
To welcome back the spring :
The very ivy on the ruin,
In gloom full life displays ;
But the heart alone sees no renewing,
The light of other days.

LIGHT MAY THE BOAT ROW.

Sung by Mrs. and Miss Watson.

Oh ! calmly may the waves flow,
And lightly may the boat row,
And safe and swift the boat go
That my lad's in ;

He plays the oar so tightly,
Moves in the dance so sprightly,
So gracefully and lightly,
Oh ! there are none like him.

Light may the boat row, the boat row, the boat
row,

Light may the boat row, that my lad's in.

I know he is true-hearted, true-hearted, true-
hearted ;

He promised when we parted to come to me again.

Light may the boat row, &c.

He wears a blue jacket, blue jacket, blue jacket,

He wears a blue jacket, and a dimple in his chin.

Light may the boat row, &c.

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN.

As sung by Mr. Brough.

Farewell ! to the mountain and sun-lighted vale,
The moss-border'd streamlet and balm-breathing
gale ;

All so bright, all so fair, here a seraph might
dwell,

'Tis too lovely for me : farewell ! oh ! farewell !

Farewell ! for more sweetly each sound meets
mine ear ;

The wild bee and butterfly they may rest here ;

Hark their hum, how it blends with the deep con-
vent's bell,

Such strains are of heaven : farewell ! oh ! fare-
well !

Farewell ! to the mountain and sun-lighted vale,
The moss-border'd streamlet and balm-breathing
gale ;

All so bright, all so fair, here a seraph might
dwell,

'Tis too lovely for me : farewell ! oh ! farewell !

I LOVE THIS WORLD RIGHT WELL.

Sung by Mr. Howard.

I love this world right well, I trow,
I love of its charms to tell,
For it is to me, as it should be,
A world that I love full well;
For when I was young I lisp'd with my tongue
The fervent prayer of a child,
And with dreams of bliss in a world like this,
I slept as my mother smiled.
Oh! I love this world right well, I trow,
I love of its charms to tell,
For it is to me, as it should be,
A world that I love full well.
When manhood came my joys were the same,
For I felt as a man should feel;
My path it was bright, my heart was light,
And I laugh'd with a merry peal;
And when graver cares came with my years,
And my children were around me,
A constant wife whom I loved as life,
To the world—the world still bound me.
Oh! I love this world, &c.

POOR LOUISE.

Sung by Mrs. Keely.

Of all the mountain maidens fair
With young Louise none could compare,
Her full blue eyes, her shining hair,
Her full blue eyes, her shining hair,
Made captive every heart; sweet Louise.
Made captive every heart; sweet Louise.
Her voice was ever kind and low,
When sorrow told its tale of woe,
She'd hope, and tears, and help bestow,
Ere she could say depart; kind Louise.

As she no guile, no art e'er knew,
She thought that all the world was true ;
She trusted, and she lived to rue
She e'er put trust in man ; weak Louise.

Her lover left her—madness came,
And clothed her gentle thought in flame ;
Her reason could not bear the shame,
She sunk beneath the blow ; lost Louise.

SOME LOVE 'TO ROAM O'ER THE DARK
SEA FOAM.

Sung by Mr. Russell.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill wind whistles free ;
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the wood for me,
Where the shrill wind whistles free ;
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in a woods for me.
When morning beams o'er the mountain streams,
Oh ! merrily forth we go ;
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe ;
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
And to chase the bounding roe.
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !—ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !
The deer we mark through the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track ;
And for right good cheer in the wild woods here,
Oh ! why should a hunter lack ?
For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe ;
To the darksome glade in the forest shade,
Oh ! merrily forth we go.

Ho ! ho !

Some love to roam, &c.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

Sung by Mr. Russell.

A song of the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out ;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When storms through his branches shout.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long ;
And still flourish he a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

He saw the times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear ;
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage smal'
Were full of American cheer ;
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,
They frolick'd with lovesome swains ;
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard
laid,
But the tree he still remains.
Then sing to the oak, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

Sung by Miss Horton.

When the glow-worm gilds the elfin flow'r
That clings round the ruin'd shrine,
Where first we met, where first we loved,
And I confess'd me thine ;
'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
At sound of vesper bell.
In the starry light of a summer night,
In the starry light of a summer night,

On the banks of the blue Moselle,
On the banks of the blue Moselle,
In the starry light of a summer night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
Yes, yes, in our native bowers ;
My lute and heart might best accord,
To tell of happier hours ;
Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest,
Each sigh of sorrow quell.
In the starry night, &c.

FALSE ONE, I LOVE THEE STILL.

FROM THE OPERA "LA SONNAMBULA."

Sung by Mr. Wood.

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief, revealing
That I love thee, dearly love thee still ;
Though some other swain may charm thee,
Ah ! no other e'er can warm me,
Yet, never fear, I will not harm thee—
No, thou false one, no, I fondly love thee still

ANGELS' WHISPER.

Sung by Mr. Wood.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wide raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
'Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermont, darling, oh ! come back
to me !"

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee :

“ Oh ! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

“ And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with
thee.”

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermont returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to
see ;
And closely caressing,
Her child with a blessing
Said, “ I knew that the angels were whispering
with thee.”

DARK EYED ONE.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Sung by Mr. Horn.

Dark eyed one, dark eyed one ! come hither to me,
I'll sing thee a song 'neath the tamarind tree :
The queen of the garden, the ruby lipp'd rose,
On her emerald throne by the rivulet grows—
Come hither, my rosebud, and shame the proud
flower,

Outblush the gay queen in her own gaudy bower :
I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be,
Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I languish for thee.

So laden with sweets is each sigh of the gale,
I'm sure my beloved is crossing the vale :
The tulip is quaffing his cup full of wine,
The turtle is murmuring vows to the pine—

Oh, waste not the moments so precious to love,
Come, drink with the tulip and court with the dove:
I'll sing thee a song, and the burden shall be,
Dark eyed one, dark eyed one, I languish for thee.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

Sung by Mr. Howard.

My pretty Jane! my pretty Jane!—
Ah! never, never look so shy;
But meet me, meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
Spring is waning fast, my love—
The corn is in the ear;
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear:
Then, pretty Jane! my dearest Jane! &c.
But name the day—the wedding day—
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white,
And village bells shall ring.
Spring is waning fast, my love, &c. &c.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

Sung by Mr. Wood.

I hae wander'd mony a night in June,
Along the banks of Clyde,
Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,
Wi' Mary at my side:
As summer was she to mine e'e,
And to my heart a joy,
And well she loo'd to roam wi' me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.
I hae wander'd, &c.
Oh! her presence could on ev'ry star
New brilliancy confer,
And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
When they were seen with her.

Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
Her glance was full o' joy,
And, oh! her heart was true to me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.
Oh! her presence, &c.
I hae play'd to ladies fair and gay,
In many a southron hall,
But there is one, far—far away,
A world above them all.
And now, though weary years have fled,
I think wi' mournful joy,
Upon the day when Mary wed
Her Highland minstrel boy.
I hae play'd to ladies, &c.

WHEN THE TRUMP OF FAME.

A FAVOURITE MARTIAL SONG IN THE OPERA OF
THE MAID OF JUDAH.

Sung by Mr. Wood.

When the trump of fame,
Loud sounding freedom's call,
Bids in freedom's name,
To fight or bravely fall—
Bold the hero goes,
Where maddening war shouts rise,
And, midst countless foes,
He flies, he flies.
Bright the sword now gleams,
And banners wave on high—
Round the life-blood streams,
'Mid cries of "Yield, or die!"
'Till victory uprears
Her pennon, red with gore,
And shouts, to patriot ears,
That slavery reigns no more.
When the voice of Love
To rescue calls the brave,

Who so base would prove,
He would not fly to save ?
Love, whose torch in hall
And bower doth brightly flame,
Champions finds in all
Who manhood claim.
Then shame befall the knight,
Who, false to honour's laws,
Shuns the listed fight
In injured woman's cause :
May he from the foe,
In battle recreant fly,
And by some traitor blow,
Unpitied, fall and die !

AH ! DO NOT FORGET, LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Watson.

Ah, do not forget, love, the hour when we parted,
The valley where we met ;
Where oft we have danced with the young and gay-
hearted,
To the merry castanet.
'Twas there we first plighted affection so true,
'Twas there we last parted in sorrow,
And shed the fond tear, as we sighed out, adieu !
In hopes of a happier to-morrow.
Ah ! do not forget, love, the hour when we parted,
The valley where we met ;
Where oft we have danced with the gay and light-
hearted,
To the merry castanet, the merry castanet
The merry castanet, the merry castanet.
Oh ! why didst thou leave me, so sadly to grieve
me,
And break this beating heart ;
Oh ! could I behold thee once more to enfold thee,
Oh, never again would we part.

The roses may wither, that deck the gay bowers ;
The blossoms may fall from the tree ;
But never, in memory, shall fade those sweet hours,
So sacred to friendship and thee,
Where hope sheds its ray, love, and still seems to
say, love,
We've moments of happiness yet,
When again I shall meet thee, and bring, love, to
greet thee,
The merry castanet, &c.

THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

Sung by Miss Hughes.

Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave ;
For I have a bed of coral for thee,
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be,
In a cell of the mermaid's cave.
Come, mariner, &c.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
At the tempest and ocean's roar,
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
Come whitening up the shore.
Come, mariner, &c.

She has not long to linger for thee,
Her sorrows will soon be o'er,
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoners free
Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be
So sweet, she will wake no more.
Come, mariner, &c.

WHEN WAKES THE SUN AT EARLY DAWN.

Sung by Miss Watson.

When wakes the sun, at early dawn,
Then from his distant cottage home,

I list to hear my lover's horn,
Which seems to say, I come !
And as, from Alp to Alp, the sound,
By echo wafted, steals to cheer ;
Nearer and nearer each rebound,
I bless and joy to hear.
When wakes the sun, &c.
Iyo ! Iyo !

When sunset tints our glaciers bright
With rosy hues, then forth I rove,
And whisper, in the waning light,
The name of names I love.
And still, as to the vales around,
Farther and farther, less and less,
Echo to echo wafts the sound,
Then echo's aid I bless.
When wakes the sun, &c.
Iyo ! Iyo !

ALL BY THE SHADY GREENWOOD TREE.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE MAID OF JUDAH.

Sung by Mr. Wood.

All by the shady greenwood tree,
The merry, merry archers roam ;
Jovial and bold, and ever free,
They tread their woodland home ;
Roving beneath the moon's soft light,
Or in the thick embow'ring shade,
List'ning the tale, with dear delight,
Of a wandering sylvan maid.
All by the shady, &c.

LIST THEE, DEAR LADY.

FROM THE GRAND OPERA OF FRA DIAVOLO.

Sung by Mr. Wood.

List thee, dear lady, oh ! listen, I pray,
In life's early season, love is the lay :

A young knight there came to his lady love's bower,
He touched his guitar, he sang of love's power;
She was another's—oh! there was the sting—
Start not, fair lady—another I sing.

Unknown was the knight, for no one could say
From whence he had come, or whither his way;
Disguise he assum'd, he hover'd around,
She was the charm that his bosom had bound;
E'en in her chamber his love notes they ring—
Start not, fair lady—another I sing.

Past vows are forgotten—'tis seen in her eyes,
'Tis told in her blush, 'tis breath'd in her sighs;
The young knight is urgent, love is the tale—
Love over reason too oft will prevail:
Her thoughts are all his—to a brigand they cling—
Start not, fair lady—another I sing.

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Sung by Miss Hughes.

Oh, the moment was sad when my love and I parted
Savourneen deelish eileen ogg!
As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourneen deelish eileen ogg!
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt in my heart I ne'er more should behold her,
Savourneen deelish eileen ogg!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
love,

Savourneen deelish eileen ogg.
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourneen deelish eileen ogg!
Peace was proclaim'd—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl! I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,
Savourneen deelish eileen ogg!

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

Sung by Mr. Russell.

I'll sing you a good old song, made by a good old
pate [estate ;
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old
And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old
rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at
his gate !
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden
time.

His hall so old was hung around with pikes, and
guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood
against old foes,
And 'twas there "his worship" sat in state, in
doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack to warm his
good old nose ! Like a fine old, &c.

When winter old brought frost and cold, he open'd
house to all,
And though threescore and ten his years, he featly
led the ball :
Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from
his hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot
the small. Like a fine old, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight, and
years roll'd swiftly by, [must die !
And autumn's falling leaf proclaim'd the old man he
He laid him down right tranquilly, gave up life's
latest sigh,
And mournful friends stood round his couch, and
tears bedimm'd each eye,
For the fine old, &c.

SO WARMLY WE MET.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter even I could not tell,
That first look of welcome her sunny eye darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell;
To meet was a heaven—and to part thus, another;
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss;
Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,
In smiles, and in tears, than that moment to this.
The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last was that farewell of daylight more precious
More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, tho' happy, was ting'd by a sorrow,
To think that such happiness could not remain,
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-
morrow
Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD

Air—Kitty Tyrrel.

OH! blame not the bard if he fly to the bow'rs,
Where pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string that now languishes loose on the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart:
And the lip which now breathes but the song of de-
sire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's
heart!

But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend,
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their
sires,
And the torch that would light them through dignity's
way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country
expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how
he'll feel!
That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his
sword.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade
away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs!
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs!

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG LOVE found a Dial once in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd, nor sun-beam play'd
'Why thus in darkness lie?' whisper'd young Love,
'Thou whose gay hours should in sunshine move?'
'I ne'er,' said the Dial, 'have seen the warm sun,
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one.'

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And plac'd her where heaven's beam warmly play'd.
There she reclin'd beneath Love's gazing eye,
While all mark'd with sunshine her hours flew by!
'Oh! how,' said the Dial, 'can any fair maid,
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?'
But night now comes on and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more;
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and show'rs!

MY BARK IS UPON THE DEEP, LOVE

My bark is upon the deep, love,
My comrades impatient call,
Awake, while the fairies sleep, love.
Awake thee! more bright than all.
Awake! awake! Rosalia dear, awake.

The sun may dry up the tear, love,
That hangs on the drooping flower,
But cold will its rays appear, love,
Away from my lady's bower.
But cold, &c.

Awake! for yon splashing oar, love,
Its diamonds now throws to light,
And faint from the distant shore, love,
My summons comes over the night.
And faint, &c.

i go—but ere yonder star, love,
Shall set in the mighty sea,
Thy Carlos shall seek the war, love,
To gather its wreaths for thee.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!
Rosalia, love, farewell!

COME, REST IN THII'S BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer '
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is
still here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last '

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame ?
I knew not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful heart's now broken !
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead.
And all but me departed.
Thus in the stilly night, &c.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret,
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way
Life let us cherish, &c

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver crest,
And smiles adorn the west.
Life let us cherish, &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's rest,
The sunshine of the breast.
Life let us cherish, &c.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful heart life's conflicts meet,
Till death sounds the retreat.
Life let us cherish, &c.

NOTHING AT ALL.

In Derry down dale when I wanted a mate
I went with my daddy, a courting of Kate,
With my nosegay so fine, in my holy-day clothes,
My hands in my pockets a courting I goes.
The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
My heart in a gallop—my mare in a trot—
Now I was so bashful, so loving withal,
My tongue stuck to my mouth, and I said
Nothing at all.

When I came to the house, I look'd bashful and grum,
The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb,
Rap went the knocker, Kate show'd her chin,
She chuckled and buckled, I bow'd and went in.
Now I was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me ;
So I laugh'd, and I grinn'd, and I let my hat fall,
Giggled, scratched my head, and said

Nothing at all.

If bashful was I, the more bashful the maid,
She simper'd and sigh'd, with her apron strings play' d,
The old folks impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that my Kitty and I should be one.
So, then we young ones both nodded consent,
Then hand in hand to get married we went,
When we answered the parson, in voices so small,
You scarce could have heard us, say

Nothing at all.

But mark what a change in the course of a week,
My Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak—
Could play with my Kitty, and laugh at a jest,
And Kate could talk, ay too, as well as the best.
And talk'd of past follies, we oft have declar'd
To encourage young folks, who at wedlock are scar'd
For if to your aid some assurance you call,
You may kiss and get married, and it's

Nothing at all

HERE'S THE BOWER.

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And here's the tree she planted ;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,
Oh ! how that touch enchanted !
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them ?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lips to breathe them ?

Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness ;
 Time that once so fleetly mov'd,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days when here she stray'd,
 Days were moments near her ;
 Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Away with melancholy,
 Nor doleful changes ring,
 On life and human folly,
 But merrily let us sing,
 Fal la.

For what's the use of sighing
 When time is on the wing ;
 Can we prevent it's flying ?
 Then merrily let us sing,
 Fal la.

Come on ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers,
 And merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal la.

KATE KEARNEY.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
 She lives on the banks of Killarney,
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming.
 Yet, Oh! I can tell, how fatal the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho she looks so bewitchingly simple,
Yet there's mischief in ev'ry dimple,
And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ARAB STEED.

Oh give me but my Arab steed, a shield and falchion
bright,
And I will to the battle speed, to save him in the
fight:
His noble crest I'll proudly wear, and gird his scarf
around;
But I must to the field repair, but I must to the field
repair,
For hark the trumpets sound! hark! hark! hark the
trumpets sound!

Oh give me but my Arab steed,
A shield and falchion bright,
And I will to the battle speed,
To save him in the fight.

Oh! with my Arab steed I'll go, to brave the embat-
tled plain,
Where warriors brave their valour show, and drain
each noble vein:
His brow that oft the battle braves, with fadeless
laurels crown'd,
Shall guide me where his falchion waves, shall guide
me where, &c.
But hark! the trumpets sound! hark! hark! hark the
trumpets sound!

Oh give me but my Arab steed, &c.
C

HAIL COLUMBIA.

By F. Hopkinson, Esq.

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, and god-like power
He govern'd in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolv'd on death or liberty.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

SEEK NOT WITH GOLD OR GLITTERING GEM.

SEEK not with gold or glitt'ring gem,
My simple heart to move;
To share a kingly diadem,
Would never gain my love.
The heart that's form'd in virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchang'd;
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estrang'd.
Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind,
Or calm the soul to rest?
What healing balm can riches find
To sooth the bleeding breast?
'Tis love, and love alone, has power
To bless without alloy;
To cheer affliction's darkest hour,
And heighten ev'ry joy.
Seek not with, &c.

WREATH THE BOWL.

Air—Noran Kista.

WREATH the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us :
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us'
Should love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That joy th' enchanter brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine, like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid !
So wreath the bowl, &c.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,

When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

TEACH, OH! TEACH ME TO FORGET.

Friends depart, and memory takes them,
To her caverns pure and deep;
And a forc'd smile only wakes them,
From the shadows where they sleep.
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh! teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers,
'Twas with them I sat there last;
Weave me not spring's early flowers,
They'll remind me of the past.
Music seems like mournful wailing,
In the halls where we have met
Mirth's gay call is unavailing;
Teach, oh! teach me to forget!

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light;
He would rather watch the embers
Of a Love that once was bright;
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection
Teach, oh! teach me to forget!

FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one,
Lovely still, but dear no more,
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er ;
Thy words, whate'er their flattering spell,
Could scarce have thus deceiv'd,
But eyes that acted truth so well,
Were sure to be believ'd.
Then fare thee, &c.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light,
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil,
Of blushing always bright ;
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies ;
Love lies in ev'ry other part,
But there, alas ! he dies.
Then fare thee, &c.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Air—*Limerick's Lamentation.*

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast
loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again :
And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to
roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

H.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st like a soft golden calm o'er the sea
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

TAKE HEED! WHISPER LOW.

BEHOLD! how brightly breaks the morning,
Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm;
To toil inured, all danger scorning,
We'll hail the breeze or brave the storm.
Put off, put off, our course we know,
Take heed, whisper low:
Look out and spread your net with care;
Take heed, whisper low—
The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

Away! no cloud is low'ring o'er us,
Freely now we'll stem the wave:
Hoist, hoist all sail, while full before us,
Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.
Put off, put off, our, &c

AWAY! MY GALLANT PAGE, AWAY!

AWAY! my gallant page, away!
The clarion sounds afar;
I see the victor's proud array,
Returning from the war.
The heroes throng the shining strand,
Thy valiant lord is there;
And thou shalt from his lady's hand,
The promis'd greeting bear:
Then gallop away, my young and brave,
The welcome call obey,
And merrily speed thy eager steed,
My gallant boy, away!

Away, and meet my warrior love!
The joyous shout is high,
O'er vale and mountain, dale and grove,
And echo joins the cry:
Oh! say that, from his native tow'r,
I watch, o'er hill and plain,
The triumphs of the happy hour,
That brings him home again.
Then gallop away, &c.

FORGET THEE.

FORGET thee!—in my banquet hall,
Go ask my fellow-men;
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then.
The midnight hours with song and wine
I ever shar'd with thee;
The midnight hours they still are thine,
And fatal memory!
Forget thee!—in the mirthful dance,
There steals some eye's bright ray,
Like thine—that makes me with its glance
Turn swift in tears away.

Go ask my minstrels, when they breathe
The verse the poet's pen
With each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd,
If I forget thee then?

Forget thee!—Oh, there is but *one*
Could from my memory chase
Each sweet charm I have gazed upon,
Each softly winning grace;
To be that one's, my first, first vow
I pledged with infant breath,
And he comes to demand me now,
Thy rival, love, *is death!*

Forget thee!—when my funeral urn
Thy tearful gaze shall meet,
And censers of aroma burn,
Exhaling at my feet:
When winds and storms careering sweep
Unheeded o'er my breast,
And cypress waves—then turn and weep,
And own my love's at rest!

LOVE THEE, DEAREST.

Love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—by yonder star I swear,
Which thro' tears above thee,
Shines so sadly fair.
Tho' too oft dim,
With tears like him,
Like him my truth will shine;
And love thee, dearest, love thee!
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,

And death shall darken mine,
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No—till death I'm thine.

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her
She's lovely! she's divine!
But her heart is another's,
She never can be mine;
Yet lov'd I, as man ne'er lov'd,
A love without decay,
Oh! my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided
O'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight.
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side,
For her I'd stem the flood—
For her I'd dare the battle strife,
Tho' I seal'd it with my blood.
By night I'd watch her slumbers,
And tend her steps by day—
But scorn'd is the heart that's breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sank beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The heavy conflict's past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
'Oh! his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray.'

HE STRIKES THE MINSTREL LYRE.

Answer to Alice Gray.

He strikes the minstrel lyre again
And happy is his song,
For brightly beams his laughing eye,
And rapture's on his tongue :
The clouds that darkened all his hopes,
Have floated all away ;
Her heart, her heart, is now his own,
He's loved by Alice Gray.

He quits the dark and sorrowing scene,
His cares are hushed to rest,
His pilgrimage is past and gone,
His faithful love is blest ;
And now for him, and him alone
Her eye shines bright and gay ;
Her heart, her heart is now his own,
His bride is Alice Gray.

SIGH NOT FOR LOVE.

Sigh not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on us mortals here below ;
If you fain would avoid all the dangers and snares
That attend human life, and escape all its cares,—
Sigh not for love.

If cheerfulness smiles on the cup as you sip,
And you wish not to dash the sweet cup from your lip
If life's rill you see sparkle with pleasure's gay beam,
Nor destroy the gay bubbles that rise on the stream,—
Sigh not for love.

If you dread the sharp pang that assails the fond heart,
If you wish to shun sorrow, and mirth would impart,
If you prize a calm life, with contentment and ease,
If pleasure can charm you and liberty please,—
Sigh not for love

THE MELLOW HORN.

At dawn, Aurora gaily breaks,
In all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes,
Reflecting liquid fire.
All nature smiles to usher in,
The blushing queen of morn;
And huntsmen with the day begin,
To wind the mellow horn.
And huntsmen with, &c.

At eve, when gloomy shades obscure
The tranquil Shepherd's cot,
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil forgot;
'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,
On Zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float,
Around the mellow horn.
With witching cadence, &c

COME DWELL WITH ME,

Come dwell, come dwell with me,
And our home shall be, our home shall be,
A pleasant cot,
In a tranquil spot,
With a distant view of the changing sea:
My cottage is a magic scene,
The shel't'ring boughs seem ever green;
The streamlet as it flows along,
Is murmuring a fairy song.
Come dwell with, &c.

The tendrils of a purple vine,
Around the rustic porch shall twine;
The woodbine and the wild rose flow'r,
Will make each casement seem a bow'r;

I will not let thee once regret,
The gay saloons where first we met;
'Twill be my pride to hear thee say,
Love makes this valley far more gay.
Then dwell with, &c.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such, what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these—a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.
Though fortune ever shuns my door,
I do not know what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher
My friend so rare, &c.

WHEN THE ROSE-BUD.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beauty bestowing
On winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,
And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be
glowing,
Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.
When of hope the last spark, which thy smile loved
to cherish,
In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall
perish,
Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

NO! NO!

The celebrated duet sung by Mr Sinclair and Mrs Rowbotham.

He.—Will you not bless, with one sentence, a lover,
Whose bosom beats only for you;
The cause of your anger, I prythee discover
Pray tell me the reason for?

She. No!

He.—Say, dearest, you still love me?

She. No!

He.—Oh, how can you doom me to sorrow,
Yet once again bless me with——

She. No

He.—And promise to meet me to-morrow
Promise—

She. No!

He.—Prythee—

She. No!

He.—Don't say, no!

He.—Must we, then, dearest Maria, sever,
And can you then part with me?

She. No!

He.—Then swear by yon sun, to be mine only ever,
You cannot refuse me, love!

She. No!

He.—You hate not your fond lover?

She. No!

He.—Your hand to my faithful heart pressing
Say, does it offend you, love?

She. No!

He.—Then, to marry will not be distressing,
Answer?

She. No!

He.—Once more.

She. No! no! no! no!

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,

List ye landsmen all to me ;

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea :

From bounding billows first in motion,

When the distant whirlwinds rise,

'To the tempest-troubled ocean,

Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—

By topsail sheets and haulyards stand—

Down topgallants quick be hauling—

Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces,—

Now the topsail sheets let go—

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces—

To your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,

Shelter'd from the howling storm,

Tasting joys by Heaven vouchsafed ye,

Of our state vain notions form.

Round us roars the tempest louder,

Think what fear our minds enthralls ;

Harder yet, it yet blows harder,—

Now again the boatswain calls !

The topsail yards point to the wind, boys,

See all clear to reef each course—

Let the foresheet go—don't mind, boys,

Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail yard get—

Reef the mizen—see all clear—

Hands up, each preventer brace set—

Man the foreyard—cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,

Peal on peal, contending, clash :

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,

In our eyes blue lightnings flash :

One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well—the leak increases—
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choked below;
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lea-beam is the land, boys—
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
To the pump come, every hand, boys—
See our mizenmast is gone.
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury-foremast—
She rights!—she rights! boys—wear off shore.

Now, once more, peace round us beaming,
Since kind Heaven has saved our lives,
From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
For our children and our wives:
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
To him who thus prolongs our days;—
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
Every voice bursts forth in praise.

WILLIAM TELL.

When William Tell was doom'd to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head,
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—"he dies! he dies!"
When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
The mark is hit! the child is free!
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty!
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.

ROSE OF PEACE.

They say, that in the bowers,
The rose of peace serenely grows,—
The proud parterre—the lordly palace
No such fragrance knows.
If from its humble home, away
We bear the tender prize,—
Then leaf by leaf, (so sages say,)
The lovely stranger dies.
Then leaf by leaf, &c.

D

Ye Sylphs! who guard the flower,
That priceless gift, so sweet, so fair,
I ask not grandeur, wealth nor power,
But this be still my prayer:
To soothe my lot, wherever cast,
Whate'er my portion be,
The rose of peace, while life shall last,
Oh! let it bloom with me!
The rose of peace, &c.

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crown'd!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove;
But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train
To hail the new-born day,
Mellifluous notes compose each strain
Which zephyrs waft away.
The frowns of fate I'll calmly bear,
In humble sphere to move;
Content and bless'd whene'er I hear
The voice of her I love.

OH! AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS

Oh! after many roving years,
How sweet it is to come,
To the dwelling place of early youth,
Our first, our dearest home!
To turn away our weary eyes,
From proud ambition's tow'rs;
And wander in the summer fields,
Among the trees and flowers.
Oh, after many, &c.

But I am chang'd, since last I gazed
On yonder tranquil scene;
And sat beneath the old witch elm
That shades the village green;
And watch'd my boat upon the brook,
As 'twere a regal galley;
And sigh'd not for a joy on earth,
Beyond the Happy Valley.
Oh, after many, &c.

I wish I could recall again
That bright and blameless joy;
And summon, to my weary heart,
The feelings of a boy.
But I look on scenes of past delight,
Without my wonted pleasure,
As a miser on the bed of death
Looks coldly on his treasure.
Yet, after many, &c.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
No breath came o'er the sea,
When Mary left her highland cot,
And wander'd forth with me:
Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
And fragrance fill'd the vale,
By far the sweetest flower there,
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,
Tho' fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me,
In sorrow's lonely hour:
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to her's,
The Rose of Allandale.

THE BRIDE.

OH! take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow,
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breath'd as now;
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart:
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasur'd scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears,
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride,
To sooth each sorrow there;
Then take her, and may fleeting time,
Mark only Joy's increase,
And may your days glide sweetly on,
In happiness and peace.

ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
'My voice is for war,' ask'd him which of them, pray?
Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the
crown,
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in.
'Sinking fund,' the last word in his noddle came
down,
Oh! oh! &c.

Good lord,' he exclaimed, in his he and she tones,
Help me out—help me out—I have broken my
bones!"
'Help you out!" said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a
bother?
'Why, there's *two* of you there; can't you help one
another?"
Oh! oh! &c.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark
Swift o'er the waters bore him;
When, through the night,
He spied a light,
Shoot o'er the wave before him.

“A sail! a sail!” he cries,
She comes from the Indian shore
And to-night shall be our prize,
With her freight of golden ore.”
Sail on, sail on,—
When morning shone,
He saw the gold still clearer,
But tho’ so fast,
The waves he pass’d,
That boat seem’d never the nearer

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize,
His wishful eyes,
Like any young lover’s doated.
“More sail! more sail!” he cries,
While the wave o’er-tops the mast,
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon thro’ heav’n did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem’d never the nigher.

And many a day,
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded
While still his flight,
Thro’ day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows—who knows what seas,
He is now careering o’er?
Behind the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark before!

For, oh! till sky
And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
That boat must flee,
O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

SWISS BOY.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Take thy pail and to labour away! [Repeat.]
The sun is up with ruddy beam;
The kine are thronging to the stream.
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Take thy pail, and to labour away.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
When I hie to the mountains away!
For there a shepherd maiden dear,
Awaits my song with listening ear.
Am not I, &c.

Then at night! then at night—Oh! a gay Swiss boy.
I'm away to my comrades, away!
The cup we fill—the wine is pass'd
In friendship round, until at last,
With good night! and good night! goes the happy
Swiss boy
To his home and his slumbers, away.

THE SWISS MAID.

Come haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak, and to church let's away;
The plighted love, I claim so true,
For true's my love, sincere to you,
Then haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak, and to church let's away.

Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid ?
Now bless'd with my own true love ;
My shepherd swain to welcome home,
And hail with joy each night's return,
Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid,
Now blest with my own true love ?

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid,
In her cot, with contentment and peace ;
There's nought disturbs, devoid of care,
Her rest is sweet, she knows no fear,
'Then 'good night,' and 'good night,' goes the happy
Swiss maid,
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace.

THERE'S A TEAR THAT FLOWS WHEN WE PART.

There's a tear that flows when we part,
From a friend whose loss we moan ;
There's a tear that flows from the half-broken heart,
When we think he may never return,
Ah! never.

'Tis hard to be parted from those
With whom we for ever could dwell ;
But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,
When perhaps we are saying farewell,
For ever.

There's a tear that brightens the eye
Of the friend when absence is o'er ;
There's a tear that flows not from sorrow but joy,
When we think to be parted no more,
Oh! never.

When all that in absence we dread
Is past, and forgotten's our pain ;
How sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,
When we see the sweet object again,
For ever.

THE ROMAIIKA.

When the Balaika is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the romaika, by moonlight with thee,
If waves then advancing should steal o'er our track,
Thy white feet in dancing, shall chace them all back.

When the balaika, &c.

Then at the closing of each merry lay,
We'll lie reposing beneath the night ray,
Or if declining the moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining of each other's eyes.

When the balaika, &c.

Oh! then how featly the dance we'll renew,
Winding so fleetly, its light mazes through,
Till stars shining o'er us, from heaven's high bowers,
Will give their bright chorus, for one dance of ours.

When the balaika, &c.

PENSEZ A MOI, MA CHERE AMIE!

When sorrow clouds thy dream of mirth,
And promised joys fade too soon,
When flowers lie scentless on the earth,
Nor hope is left to gild the gloom;
Then while sad thy heart may be,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie!

When music sheds its sweetest lay,
When dying winds are heard at night,
And fancy with some magic ray
Shall soothe the breast with visions bright;
Then while thy heart is calm and free,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie!

Fate may sunder ties the nearest,
As now it tears this form from thine
Hearts whose love is purest, dearest,
Feel the blight that's withering mine;
Yet still with life 'twill cling to thee,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie!

But now adieu—one pearly tear
Is stealing down thy fever'd cheek,
To kindred souls how sweet, how dear,
Expressing more than tongue can speak!
Pure as that tear my faith shall be,
Pensez a moi, ma chere amie!

THE HARPER'S SONG.

Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wander'd all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray;
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
Take the wand'ring harper in

Bid not me in battle field,
Buckler lift, or broad-sword wield;
All my strength and all my art,
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel string.

I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the ear,
Goblin grim the maids to scare;
Dark the night, and long till day:
Do not bid me farther stray.

HEY THE BONNIE BREAST KNOTS.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
Hey the bonnie breast knots;
Blithe and bonnie were they all
When they put on the breast knots.
There was a bridal in our town,
For ilka lass there was a loon,

Some wore black and some wore brown,
But ilk ane had a breast knot.

Hey the bonnie, &c.

A sonsie lass wi' raven hair,
Cam' wi a knot like lily fair;
Gart mony hearts that hour feel sair,
For ilk ane lo'e'd her breast knot.
The bride a knot kept tae hersel!
Its colour she alone could tell,
Wha' had the like wad bear the bell,
And ha' a Jo, and a breast knot.

Hey the bonnie, &c.

It was nae black, it was nae blue,
It had nae sic unseemly hue;
But it was white, I tell you true,
A braw bonnie breast knot.
Ane had the knot that like to me,
Inspired all hearts wi' mirth and glee;
Farewell! kind friends and thanks to ye
That loe sae weel my breast knots.

Hey the bonnie, he the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breast knots,

Blithe and bonnie were they all

When they put on the breast knots

MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;

O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luv thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

IF SILENT LOOKS BETOKEN.

If silent looks betoken,
Our deeper feelings best,
If thoughts which are not spoken,
Are but more sweetly guess'd,
Thou knowest mine already,
While gazing on my brow,
I grieve not, dearest lady,
That language fails me now.

But that hope may not borrow,
The bright hue of thine eyes,
To light love's world of sorrow
With a ray of paradise.
Why could I not have met thee,
Ere love was so forbidden?
Why may I not forget thee,
Since my memory e'en is chidden?

Thro' the night-time long and lonely,
My sleepless thoughts are thine,
I weep, to fancy only,
What bliss might have been mine;
Oh! the spirit unforgiven,
No keener pangs hath known,
When gazing on the heaven
It ne'er may call its own.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW

Oh ! leave me not, my only one,
Life hath few charms for me,
And wouldst thou sever that, my son,
Which binds my heart to thee :
Leave not the mountains and the heath,
Thy father used to rove,
Free as the winds whose mighty breath,
Roam o'er the land we love.
Unlike a tree whose root still clings,
Where first its branches grew,
If thou wilt leave me, still thy home
Shall be my dwelling too :
Yet, as I take a ling'ring look
Of scenes thy father lov'd,
I feel I cannot leave the home,
O'er which his footsteps rov'd.

HER HEART IS NOT THERE.

There is no music on the strings
Of her neglected lute,
Her white hands wake no more its chords,
Her bird-like voice is mute.
She wreaths no garlands for her vase,
No roses for her hair ;
She loiters in her lonely grove,
But her heart is not there.
The dancers gather in the hall,
She is amid the band,
With vacant smile and wand'ring glance,
For those who claim her hand.
Her eyes fill'd with unbidden tears,
Her cheek is pale with care ;
She's lonely 'mid the festival,
For her heart is not there.
She broods above her own dear thoughts,
As o'er her nest the dove,
While hope and mem'ry's but one dream,
Her first young dream of love.

She hears a gallant trumpet sound,
A banner sweeps the air,
She sees a knight lead on the charge,
And oh, her heart was there!

THE GOLDEN GIRL

Lucy is a golden girl,
But a man, a man should woo her;
They who seek her, shrink aback,
When they should, like storms, pursue her.
All her smiles are hid in light,
All her hair is lost in splendour,
But she hath the eyes of night,
And a heart that's over tender.
Oh! Lucy is, &c.

Yet the foolish suitors fly,
(Is't excess of dread or duty?)
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty:
Men by fifty seasons taught,
Leave her to a young beginner,
Who without a second thought
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.
Oh! Lucy is, &c.

MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR

The minstrel's return'd from the war,
With spirits as buoyant as air,
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sung in the bower of his fair:
"The noise of the battle is over,
The bugle no more calls to arms;
A soldier no more—but a lover,
I bend to the power of thy charms.
Sweet lady, fair lady, I'm thine,
I bend to the magic of beauty,
Tho' the banner and helmet are mine
Yet love calls the soldier to duty."

The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,
She blush'd, sigh'd, and hung down her head,
Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said :
"The bugle shall part us love, never,
My bosom thy pillow shall be,
Till death tears thee from me, for ever,
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee."
Sweet lady, &c.

But fame call'd the youth to the field ;
His banner wav'd high o'er his head,
He gave his guitar for a shield,
And soon he lay low with the dead,
While she, o'er her young hero bending,
Received his expiring adieu :
'I die whilst my country defending,
But I die to my lady love true."
'Oh, death ! (then she cried) I am thine,
I tear off the roses of beauty ;
The grave of my hero is mine,
For he died true to love and to duty !"

OH! MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

Oh! merry row! Oh! merry row,
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
Bring back my love to calm my woe,
Before the night grows dark.
My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow white rose upon it too ;
A highland lad is he.
Then merry row, Oh! merry row,
The bonnie, bonnie bark ;
Oh! merry row the bonnie, bonnie bark,
And bring him safe to me!

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd,
Where rocks and shoals prevail

I thus o'erheard a lowland maid,
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose—the waves ran high,
The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky;
The wind did loudly roar.
But they merry row'd the bonnie bark,
The bonnie bark, the bonnie bark,
They merry row'd the bonnie, bonnie bark
And brought her love on shore.

TO SIGH YET FEEL NO PAIN

To sigh yet feel no pain;
To weep yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.
To keep one sacred flame
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd;
To love in wintry age the same
That first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore
To such refin'd excess,
That though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*;
This is love—faithful love,—
Such as saints might feel above!

ANNOT LYLE.

The snow white plume her bonnet bore,
Wav'd not more pure and fair;
Her sparkling eye, a floating gem—
Like gold, her auburn hair.

The rose bud slumbering on its bed,
Ne'er wak'd a sweeter smile,
But now she's gone! and lost to me
My lovely Annot Lyle!

Thy fairy form I oft have seen;
On every passing breeze
Have heard the melody of song,
But, ah! no strains like these,
The thrilling tones that from thy harp
The feelings oft beguile;
But now thou'rt gone, and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle!

Although thy heart's another's now,
And beats no more for me,
Yet I will teach my soul to pray,
That it may pray for thee.
This bursting heart alone can feel
The absence of thy smiles;
Since thou art gone and lost to me,
My lovely Annot Lyle!

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Of a' the airs the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
E

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
here's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale,
Bring hame the laden bees :
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat an' clean ;
Ae blink o' her would banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

I see her in the glassy stream
That winds along the vale,
I hear her in sweet echo's voice
That dies along the gale :
I'll love her while a vital spark
Shall shed its latest gleam,
Gay nature's charms would soon depart
If 'twere na for my Jean.

THE ECHO DUET.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Now hope and fear my bosom rending,
Alternate bid each other cease ;
Soon shall death, my terrors ending,
Calm each transient thought to peace
Hark ! a murm'ring sound repeating
Ev'ry stifled sigh I hear,
What can set this bosom beating,
Alas ! 'tis mingled hope and fear.
Now they cease this way retiring,
And all is awful silence round.

Ah ! sure those notes, dear maid, were thine,
The echoing sounds alone were mine,
'Tis her voice that meets my ear ;
Say where art thou, whose voice I hear ?

Oh! quickly speak, no longer roam,
To give thee liberty I come.
Soft, love, 'tis I; relief is near,
Where art thou now? I am here.
This way advance, and you are free,
This way to light and liberty.

O SAW YE THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween;
She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen.
Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
O saw ye the lass, &c.

MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear o'er this rude cheek,
Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,
When those mute looks have told the feeling,
Heav'n denied thy tongue to speak;
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

And now, alas ! I weep alone,
By thee, my youth's dear friend, forsaken,
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,
Trembling for thy fate unknown ;
And vainly flows the bitter tear,
Shed for thee, my sister dear.

'TIS SAID THAT ABSENCE CONQUERS
LOVE.

Tis said that absence conquers love,
But, oh ! believe it not ;
I've tried, alas ! its pow'r to prove,
But thou art not forgot.
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear—
As fix'd in this devoted heart,
As when I clasp'd thee here.

I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name ;
And yet, as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same ;
And when the wine cup passes round,
I toast some other fair ;—
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove :
In vain ! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot ;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favourite bower to die ;
So, lady ! I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh.

'Tis said that absence, &c

THE DYING SOLDIER TO HIS SWORD.

Friend in the battle day,
My father's sword and mine,
I cast thee now away,
For ever thee resign.
The bitter conflict's past,
This palsied arm doth shrink,
Life's tide is ebbing fast,
My spirits fade and sink.
Yet, ere I breathe my last adieu,
I turn to thee, companion true ;
And for the aid thou didst afford,
I thank thee well, my own good sword !
Tho' dimm'd thy once bright blade,
With foemen's blood imbued,
Thy strength is undecay'd,
Thy courage unsubdu'd.
When I am dead and gone,
Thou'lt gleam again on high,
Some hand will bear thee on
To deeds of victory.
Yet, ere I breathe, &c.

O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

O! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure ;
O! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows ;
She loves, and loves for ever.
O! say not woman's false as fair ;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.

Ah! no; the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm;
She loves and loves for ever.

LA ROSE D'AMOUR.

Tell me have you seen a toy
Called Love—a little boy?
Armed with arrows—wanton—blind—
Cruel now and then as kind—
If he be among ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway!
He's near I'm sure—
For lo! his lure—
La Rose d'Amour!

Wings he hath, which tho' ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip—
If by chance his arrows miss,
He will shoot ye in a kiss:
If he be among ye say,
He is Venus' runaway!
He's near, I'm sure—
For lo! his lure—
La Rose d'Amour!

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

“And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare;
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald mair.”
Oh! who would buy a silken gown,
With a poor broken heart?
And what's to me a siller crown,
If from my love I part?

I would na' walk in silk attire,
Nor braid wi' gems my hair;

Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine,
Were wrang'd and grieving sair.
From infancy he lov'd me still,
And still my heart shall prove,
How weel it can those vows fulfil
Which first repaid his love.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Honi soit qui mal y pense,
English knights their motto bear,
Candour claims the same pretence,
For our France, and for our fair;
Then wherefore frown and look severely?
Chase thy sullens, dismal swain,
List the speech that flows sincerely,
List and trust, then smile again.
How still that frown of awful sense,
Ah! honi soit qui mal y pense,
Honi soit qui mal y pense;
English knights their motto bear,
Candour claims the same pretence,
For our France and for our fair.

Love, when shrin'd in nobler natures,
Scorns with doubts to dim its ray,
Shines reveal'd in all our features,
Clear and open as the day;
Nay, prythee then, your fears beguiling,
Smooth the horrors of that face;
Turn this way, and simp'ring, smiling,
Strive to win a lady's grace.
How! still that frown of awful sense?
Ah! honi soit qui mal y pense,
Honi soit qui, &c.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;

The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew,
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell, awhile, to him and thee,
My native land, good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor heed what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves,
And, when ye fail my sight.
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves,—
My native land, good night!

THE LANDING OF ROYAL CHARLIE.

There's news from Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony farlie,
For ships of war hae just come in,
And landed Royal Charlie;
Come thro' the heather,
Around him gither,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Come round him cling,
Wi' a' yer kin,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come thro' the heather,
Around him gither,
Come Ronald, come Donald,
Come a' the gither,
An' crown your rightful lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie?
Come thro' the heather. &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna icht for Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

The lowlands a' baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird hae,
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early,
His very name our hearts' blood warms,
To arm for Royal Charlie.
Come thro' the heather, &c.

HUNTSMEN'S SONG AND CHORUS

Oh! what can compare to the huntsman's bold pleasure!

For whom is the goblet so rich and so free?
To rise from the grass at the horn's cheering measure,
And follow the stag thro' the forest and lea.
Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.

Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
When rocks with their echoes, their echoes are near us,
More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing bowl.

Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Diana at night shines brilliantly o'er us,
And aids us with coolness and shadows by day,
To chase the grim wolf from his covert before us,
And bring the wild boar in his fury to bay.

Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:
 When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,
 More free sounds the pledge from the full-flowing
 bowl.

Ye ho! tral, la, &c

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright,
 Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellowed to that tender light,
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts, serenely sweet, express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent;
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent.

OH! REST THEE, BABE.

Oh! slumber, my darling,
 Thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother's a lady,
 So lovely and bright,
 The hills and the dales,
 From the towers which we see,
 They all shall belong,
 My dear infant, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day;
Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep whilst thou
may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum.
Then rest thee, my darling,
Oh! sleep whilst thou may;
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.
Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

THE TOAST BE DEAR WOMAN.

Bright are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet dew the red blossoms sip;
But brighter the glances of dear woman's eye,
And sweeter the dew on her lip;
Her mouth is the fountain of rapture,
The source from whence purity flows:
Ah! who would not taste of its magic,
As the honey-bee drinks from the rose.
Then the toast, then the toast be dear woman,
Let each breast that is manly approve;
Then the toast, then the toast be dear woman,
And nine cheers to the girls that we love;
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah!
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the girls that we love

Come, raise the wine-cup to heaven high
Ye gods on Olympus approve;
The off'ring thus mellow'd by woman's bright smile
Outrivals the nectar of Jove;
Now, drain, drain the goblet with transport,
The spell of life's best joys impart;
The cup thus devoted to woman,
Yields the only true balm of the heart.
Then the toast, &c.

MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea ;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.
Here's a sigh for those that love,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.
Tho' the ocean roars around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on,
Tho' a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.
Wer't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp upon the brink,
Ere my sinking spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.
In this water as this wine,
The libations I would pour,
Should be peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

THE GASCON VESPERS.

Hark! the merry peal is ringing,
List ye, how the bells around,
O'er the Garonne's banks are flinging,
Far and near, their cheerful sound.
Hark ye! how each Gascon maiden,
To the rising moon now sings;
While with sweets the night breeze laden,
Wafts their voices on its wings;
Haste then, stranger, join our chorus,
Come then with our maidens pray,
Join the happy group before us,
Chanting 'neath the moonlight ray.

See them, dancing, chant the pleasure
Of their rustic home so sweet ;
Changing now in mournful measure,
Tales of hapless love repeat.
Haste, then, stranger, &c.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

Oh ! wear it on thy breast, my love,
Yet, yet a little while,
Sweetness is ling'ring on its leaves,
Tho' faded be its smile.
Then for the sake of what hath been,
Oh, cast it not away,
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright golden day, my love,
A long, bright golden day.

A little while around thee, love,
Its odours yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy breast hath lain,
A sweet, tho' blighted thing.
But not e'en that warm heart hath pow'r,
To win it back from fate :
Oh ! I am like this broken flow'r,
Cherish'd too late, too late, my love,
Cherish'd, alas, too late.

GLIDE ON, MY BARK.

Glide on, my bark ; the summer's tide
Is gently flowing to thy side ;
Around thy prow, the waters bright,
In circling rounds of broken light,
Are glitt'ring, as if ocean gave
Her countless gems to deck the wave ;
Whilst moon-light shines like mimic day—
Glide on, my bark, thy moon-lit way.

Glide on, my bark! how sweet to rove,
 With such a beaming sky above,
 O'er the dark sea, whose murmurs seem,
 Like fairy music in a dream;
 No sound is heard to break the spell,
 Except the water's gentle swell;
 Whilst midnight, like a mimic day,
 Shines on, to guide our moon-lit way.

THE RAY THAT BEAMS FOREVER.

Composed by M. Kelly.

There is a bloom that never fades,
 A Rose no storms can sever,
 Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades,
 The ray that beams for ever.
 There is a charm surpassing art,
 A charm in every feature,
 That twines around the feeling heart,
 It is thy voice, oh Nature!
 Then, stranger, if thou fain wouldst find
 This Rose no storm can sever,
 Go seek it, stranger, in the *Mind*—
 The ray that beams forever.

THE KISS.

Words by Byron.—Music by Nathan.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.
 The parting glance that fondly gleams,
 An equal love may see,
 The tear that from the eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.
 The kiss, &c.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
 In gazing when alone;

Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.
The kiss, &c.

THE LILY OF FRANCE.

Let the banner of France be unfurl'd,
Fair and bright as the forehead of day,
Tho' defiance it bade to the world,
Her knighthood would spring to the fray;
Like shaft from the cross-bow that bounds,
Speeds each youth, gaily couching his lance
And through legions one war-cry resounds,
'I fight for the lily of France!'

My faith proudly vouch'd by my blood,
Let fate strike me young on my bier,
I'd smile upon life's ebbing flood,
If enrich'd but by woman's fond tear.
Form of beauty, beam *thou* o'er my side,
And Death should like triumph advance,
Oh, glory! Oh, soul-cheering pride—
'I die for the lily of France!'

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Air,—Gramachree.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour, that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:—
“My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight,
Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he march'd, with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung;
“My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle-roar was deep
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior lay;
“My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:

"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

THE BONNY BOAT.

Oh swiftly glides the bonny boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fishers' chorus note,
Soft moves the dipping oar;
Their toils are borne with happy cheer,
And ever may they speed,
That feeble age, and helpmate dear,
And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,
Our nets are floating wide,
Our bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly on the tide;
And happy prove its daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land our kindly cot,
Where all our treasures be.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charm,
But water sprite nor eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm;
It safely bears its scaly store
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,
Its homeward prow to hail.

We cast our lines in Largo bay, &c.

TOLL NOT THE BELL OF DEATH FOR ME

Toll not the bell of death for me,
When I am dead:
Strew not the flowery wreath o'er me,
On my cold bed.

F

Let friendship's sacred tear,
On my fresh grave appear,
Gemming with pearls my bier—
When I am dead.

No dazzling proud array
Of pageantry display,
My fate to spread.

Let not the busy crowd be near
When I am dead,
Fanning with unfelt sighs my bier,
Sighs quickly sped.

Deep let the impression rest
On some fond female breast;
Then were my memory blest
When I am dead.

Let not the day be writ;
Love will remember it,
Untold—unsaid

THE SOLDIER'S LAST SIGH.

*Written by E. L. Bellchambers.—Music by
G. A. Hodson.*

The trumpet may summon thy soldier away,
And spur his proud spirit to arms,
Yet warm with the vigour that bids him away,
He grieves to abandon thy charms;
Tho' glory invite him, and splendor abound,
Yet mark, dearest maid, his decree,
Subdued by defeat, or by victory crown'd,
The soldier's last sigh is for thee.

But hark! 'tis the trumpet now speaks his adieu,
And calls him from love to renown,
Then oh! dearest maiden, believe his heart true,
Tho' fortune may smile or may frown;
Tho' glory invite him, &c.

THE PILOT.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves.
But to subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me:
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulph'd
My Father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,—
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

DIAVOLO.

On yonder rock reclining,
That fierce and swarthy form behold!
Fast his hands his carbine hold—
'Tis his best friend of old!
This way his steps inclining,
His scarlet plume waves o'er his brow,
And his velvet cloak hangs low,
Playing in graceful flow!

Tremble! E'en while the storm is beating,
 Afar hear echo repeating,
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

"Altho' his foes waylaying,
 He fights with rage and hate combin'd;
 Towards the gentle fair they find
 He's ever mild and kind:

The maid too heedless straying,
 (For one, we Pietro's daughter know,)
 Home returns full sad and slow,
 What can have made her so?
 Tremble! Each one the maiden meeting,
 Is sure to be repeating,
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

Perchance all are mistaken,
 Dear maid, in what they tell to you,
 And whate'er is lost 'tis true
 He may have stolen too.
 Suspicions oft awaken,
 As many a guiltless swain may know;
 While he alone who caused their woe
 Passes incognito—
 Tremble! For in this sighing lover
 Each eye may surely discover,
 Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND, TO THEE.

Here's a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave,

Here's a health to the bold and the free,
 And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave,

Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.

Here's to the land of victorious Bruce,

And the champions of liberty's cause,
 And may their example fresh heroes produce,

In defence of our rights and our laws.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where brave Wallace
unfurld

His bright banner of conquest and fame,
The terror of foemen, the pride of the world ;
Long may Scotland hold dearly his name.
And still like their fathers, our brothers are true,
And their valour with pleasure we see,
Of the wreaths that were won at renown'd Waterloo,
Here's a bough of the laurel for thee.

Here's a health, &c.

Here's success to the land where fair liberty grows

May her sons still in harmony twine,
And should wily discord again interpose,
Let us challenge each other in wine.
For while we're united, foes threaten in vain ;
And their daring, our fame shall increase,
Till the banner of victory, o'er land and main,
Triumphant is waving in peace.

Then here's a health, &c

AWAY, MY BOUNDING STEED, AWAY

Away, my bounding steed, away,
I ride for princely halls ;
Aye, paw the ground and proudly neigh,
The tourney trumpet calls.

Nay spur and speed, thou gallant knight,
Or lose the meed of fame ;
Vouch in the lists thy lady's right,
And conquer in her name.

The challenge breath'd, I cast my glove ;
All rivals thus I dare ;
In arms I'll prove my lady-love
The fairest of the fair.

Now poise the temper'd lance on high—
It shivers on my shield—
Then forth two flashing rapiers fly,
And skill decides the field.

The joust is done, the prize is won,
And merry is the victor's eye ;
Pass wine-cups round, while clarions sound
The joys of love and chivalry.

COME, LOVE, TO ME.

Oh ! sweetly the noon day is ending ;
Evening now sending
Charms o'er the sea.
'Neath the window
I would hear thee
Singing near me,
Come, love, to me.

Oh ! sweetly the night stars are weeping ;
All are now sleeping
O'er wave and o'er lea.
From the mountain,
Sure I hear thee
Singing near me,
Come, love, to me.

Oh ! darker the night is growing,
Deeper throwing
Shades soon to flee
Now I see thee,
Now I hear thee
Singing near me,
Come, love, to me.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

Sung by Madame Feron.

Oh ! leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls, the halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests green
Beneath the silent night.

Then as we watch the ling'ring rays
That shine from every star,
I'll sing the song of happier days,
And strike the light guitar.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
When her true knight was slain;
And how her broken spirit slept,
And never woke again.

I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar,
But if my tale should make thee sigh,
I'll strike the light guitar.

ANSWER TO "THE LIGHT GUITAR"

Yes! I will leave the festive scene,
The gay and courtly throng,
To wander through the forests green,
And listen to thy song.
The waters like a mirror seem,
For every beaming star;
Then haste to yonder silent stream
And strike the light guitar.

And when thou tell'st of one, whose tears
Were shed for her true knight,
Bethink thee, of thy maiden's fears
When thou wert in the fight—
Nor longer brave the battle plain,
Nor roam from me afar,
But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
And strike the light guitar.

MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun,
(*Convent bell*) Hark! how the solemn vesper's sound
Sweetly falls upon the ear.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our net as we row to the shore—
Our toil of labour being o'er,
How sweet the boatman's welcome home!
Home, home, home! the boatman's welcome home!
Sweet! oh, sweet! the boatman's welcome home!

See, how the tints of daylight die,
Soon we'll hear the tender sigh;
For when the toil of labour's o'er,
We shall meet our friends on shore.
Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
And fold our nets as we row to the shore;
For fame or gold howe'er we roam,
No sound so sweet as welcome home!
Home, home &c. &c.

WE MET!

We met! 'twas in a crowd, and I thought he would
shun me;
He came! I could not breathe, for his eye was upon
me!
He spoke! his words were cold, and his smile was
unalter'd;
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice
falter'd.
I wore my bridal robe, and I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair, how I hated their
brightness!
He call'd me by my name, as the bride of another;
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish—my
mother!

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him;
He smil'd and whisper'd low, as I once used to hear
him;
She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine and mine
only!
I wept!—for I deserv'd to feel wretched and lonely

And she will be his bride! at the altar, he'll give her
The love that was too pure for a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I
smother;
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish—my
mother!

BE MINE, DEAR MAID.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart
Can never prove untrue;
'Twere easier far with life to part,
Than cease to live for you.
My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine;
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine.
Then turn thee not away, my dear
Oh, turn thee not away, love;
For by the light of truth I swear,
To love thee night and day, love

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
Mine ear thy tuneful voice;
But 'tis my heart thy heart approves,
A life-enduring choice.
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I by change or coldness wring
Thy fond confiding breast.
Then turn, &c.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds, and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory;

And waving arms, and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the mellow light.
 They're lost and gone—the moon is past,
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
 The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c. &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The clashing horn—they come, they come,
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep;
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
 With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn—they come, they come.

I see them, &c. &c.

I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW

Sung by Miss Love.

As I walked last night,
 In the dim twilight,
 Some one whisper'd soft and low,
 Whisper'd soft and low;
 "What pretty girl is she?
 I wish she would fancy me."
 Now whoever this could be,
 I should very much like to know,
 I should very, &c.

Last Valentine's day,
 Came a letter so gay,
 With hearts above, around and below.
 With hearts above and below.
 "Oh! I love you, dearest maid,
 But to tell you I'm afraid."
 I should very much like to know,
 I should very much like to know.

Whoever it was said so,
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know.

A gipsy in the wood
Said, she'd tell me something good,
For his name began with an O,
His name began with an O,
And he'd surely marry me,
For it was his destiny.
Now whoever this can be,
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know,
Whose name it begins with an O,
I should very much like to know,
I should very much like to know.

THE HAPPY SWISS BOY.

Come over the mountains, my bonny Swiss boy,
And haste to thy labour away.

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

The sun now shows his rosy beams,
The flocks are hasting to the streams,

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

You will find me, you'll find me a happy Swiss boy
As I trip o'er the hills, far away,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

And while I watch my flocks and herds,
And listen to the warbling birds,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrow still oppress'd,
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home
That gave the wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd ;
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-eyed pity gave,
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wanderer's grave.
Then ever rove, &c.

ROSABEL.

Wake ! maiden, wake ! the moon is benighted,
Come, then, and rove with me ;
There, on the spot where our hearts we first plighted,
Let our last adieu be.
Rosabel, Rosabel, Rosabel, Ah me !

There, oft my eyes on thy smiles have delighted,
And there would take leave of thee.
Oh ! smile, though thou smilest in sorrow.
Far from thee shall I be on the morrow !
Rosabel, Rosabel, Rosabel, Ah me !

BUY MY ROSES.

Come, buy my little roses red,
Come, buy my roses red ;
Born and nurs'd in Cupid's bed,
Nurs'd in Cupid's bed.

Cupid, little god of love,
Wand'ring through the rosy grove,
Met and woo'd me, ah, 'tis true,
Then pity, while I chaunt to you.
 Come buy my roses red,
 Come buy my roses red,
 Born and nurs'd in Cupid's bed,
 Come buy my roses red.

There is a tear on yonder leaf,
A tear on yonder leaf,
Love fain would mark for maiden's grief,
Would mark for maiden's grief;
For sure when rosy morn appears,
It melts as do my lover's fears:
Thus Cupid wept for me, 'tis true,
Then pity while I chaunt to you.
 Come buy my roses, &c. &c. &c

CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
There plantations, fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

GOOD NIGHT.

Give me, my love, before we part,
One tender kiss of dear delight;
And all the friendship we have sworn,
Confirm in this our last Good night.

Now, on yon soft and swelling main,
My little bark, so gay and light,
Prepares to tear me from thy breast,
My life, my love, Good night!

And when on lone and distant shores
I wander, by the moon's pale light,
In mem'ry of our former loves,
I think on thee, and this Good night.

OH! AM I THEN REMEMBERED.

Oh! am I then remembered still?
Remembered too by thee!
Or am I quite forgot by one
Whom I no more shall see?
Yet say not so, for that would add
Fresh anguish to my lot.
I dare not hope to be recall'd—
Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who parted us but known
How hearts like ours can feel,
They would have spared us both a pang
Beyond their power to heal.
I know not if thy heart retains
Its wonted warmth or not:
'Though I'm forbid to think of thee—
'Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind[•]
Which I can never know;
If that's denied, my prayer shall be,
That I may share thy wo.
Where'er thou art, my every wish
Will linger o'er that spot;
My every thought will be of thee,
'Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
'Thou'lt find that I am changed:

My eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale,
But not my faith estranged.
From memory's page the hand of death
Alone thy name shall blot;
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt—
Thou'lt never be forgot.

PRETTY MOCKING BIRD.

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve;
Feather'd warbler, wake the grove,
To songs of joy, to notes of love:
Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see
Swinging with the breeze on the mangrove tree.

THE ORIGIN OF OLD BACHELORS, OR
WHAT'S AN OLD BACHELOR LIKE?

Dame Nature one day, in a comical mood,
While mixing the mould to make man,
Was struck with a thought as the ingredients she
view'd,
To alter a little her plan.
Her children she knew, were much given to rove
So temp'ring the clay with great art,
She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of *love*,
That usually spring round the heart,—
But she quickly repented, though too late it is true,
For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view;
Yes, an old bachelor, a fusty old bachelor.
What's an old bachelor like? why,
I'll tell you —an old bachelor is like—is like—
A tree without a branch,
A buck without a haunch,
A knife without a fork,
A bottle without a cork,
A key without a lock,
A wig without a block.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical
creature
Was form'd in a frolic, by old madam Nature.

The world ever since has been teased by these
creatures,

Well known by their stiff, formal strut;
Their dull, down cast look, crabbed, vinegar fea-
tures,

And dress of true bachelor cut.
The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their old
clay:

Disliked by maid, widow and wife,
In a kind of half stupour, the days pass away
Of these *blanks* in the lottery of life.

Thus curtail'd of pleasure—a stranger to love,
The fusty old bachelor's destined to rove:
Yes, the old bachelor, the fusty old bachelor.

What's an old bachelor like? why,

A ship without a sail,
A cat without a tail,
Cellar without the wine O,
Purse without the rhino,
A watch without a chain,
A skull without the brain.

Thus you see, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Now mark! if the sexes in number agree,

As some queer philosophers think
(Full many a damsel's soft heart I foresee,

At this part of my story would sink);
As two wives at once men are here not allowed
Unless their suit parliament aids;

And as bachelors stupid our streets daily crowd,
It follows—there must be *old maids*.

Thus we get from the smoke nearly into the smother,
For one evil treads fast on the heels of another.

Oh! fie on all bachelors! all flinty-hearted bachelors!

What's an old bachelor like? why,

A bell without a clapper,
A door without a rapper,

A drum without a life,
Butcher without a knife,
Sun without the moon,
Dish without the spoon.

'Thus you see, &c. &c. &c. &c.

PRAY, GOODY.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
tongue,

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice
is strong,

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me, try me,

Prove, ere you deny me,

If you cast me off you blast me, never more to rise!

Pray, Goody, &c.

EVEN AS THE SUN.

Even as the sun—the sun wi' purple coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave—his last leave of the weep-
ing morn;

Had ta'en his last leave, &c.

Whilst Venus' anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

And still, &c.

Even as the sun—the sun wi' purple coloured face,
Had ta'en his last leave—his last leave of the weep
ing morn;

Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase—

Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn.

Even as the sun, &c.

MARIAN RAMSAY.

Sung by Mrs Knight.

I am Marian Ramsay, from Scotland I come—
All adown the green vale, where the violets are
springing,

And much I should grieve from dear Scotland to part,
But I'm come to the south, sir, to get a sweetheart,
With my fal, la, la, la, while the birds are a singing

They say, that my relation is a mighty odd man,
All away from the dale where the violets are spring
ing,

'Tis you, sir, I'm sure, for the truth to reveal,
As we say in the north, you're a comical chiel.
With my fal, la, &c.

So get me a sweetheart, and bid me good bye,
All away to the dale where the violets are springing
If the bonnie lad's willing, I'm now in my prime,
And sure 'tis a pity to lose any time.

With my fal, la, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side,
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
And the willows waved in the silver light;
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the mountain maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,
He caught her glance and mark'd her sigh,
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.

So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the front of battle lower!
See approach proud Edward's power!
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be, shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

THOU ART GONE AWA.

Thou art gone awa, thou'rt gone awa,
Thou'rt gone awa from me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay;
Thou hast cheated them and me. Mary

Until this hour I never thought,
That aught could alter thee, Mary;
Thou art still the mistress of my heart,
Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or no such love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much;
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor neathin' such;
I loved thee for *thyself*, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet whilst I live,
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
Till friends forget, and I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them, and me, Mary
So then, farewell! of this, be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For all the world I'd not endure,
The half I've done for thee, Mary!

LOVE FROM THE HEART

Sung by Madame Vestris.

Yes, I will leave my father's halls
To roam along with thee;
Adieu, adieu, my native walls,
To other scenes I flee.
Yes, we will seek the silent glade,
When we have stray'd afar,
And you shall play, my dearest maid,
Songs on your light guitar.

Love, gentle love, shall be our guide
To a far distant land,
And whether bliss or wo betide,
This heart you shall command.

I'll tell you tales of olden years—
Of hapless love or war ;
But should they cause you pearly tears,
Then sound the gay guitar.

CHUNDAH'S SONG.

A heart that once has loved like mine,
No other love can know !
A heart that once has throbb'd with thine,
Must other love forego.

One dear embrace, and then we part,
We part to meet no more ;
I bear a sad and lonely heart,
To pine on India's shore.

In foreign climes, when all is still,
Save this poor beating heart,
I'll think upon the distant ill
That caused me to depart.

A DAMSEL STOOD TO WATCH THE FIGHT

A damsel stood to watch the fight,
On the banks of Kingslea Mere,
And they brought to her feet her own true knight
Sore wounded on a bier.
O, let not, he said, while yet I live,
The cruel foe me take,
But with thy lips one sweet kiss give,
And cast me in the lake.

About his neck she wound her arms,
And she kiss'd his lips so pale,
And evermore the war's alarms
Came loudly up the vale.
She drew him to the lake's deep side,
Where the red heath fringed the shore ;
She plunged with him beneath the tide,
And they were seen no more.

SWISS HUNTER'S WELCOME HOME.

While the hunter o'er the mountain, at daybreak is bounding,

By the wild rilly fountain, the chamois descries ;
Through the mist of the morning, his halloo resounding,

Every fear nobly scorning, still onward he flies.

When the hunter o'er the mountain,

At daybreak is bounding,

By the wild rilly fountain,

The chamois descries, the chamois, &c.

He tracks in the snow print, the flight of the ranger

He brushes the dew-tint, where cataracts foam ;

The hunter pursuing, surmounts every danger,

The swift chase renewing, till night calls him home.

When the hunter o'er the mountain,

At daybreak is bounding,

In search of the chamois,

Unwearied he flies, unwearied he flies.

From the toils of the chase, the bold hunter returning,

With joy views his cot in the valley below.

When the hunter o'er the mountain, from the chase is returning,

To his cot near the fountain, with rapture he flies.

Then content in his cottage,

While gently reposing,

From woman's bright smile

Meets a sweet welcome home, a sweet, &c.

MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory !

Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise,

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath:
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Oh! Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

The bridegroom at the altar's side
Devotedly is kneeling;
His heart, the throne of manly pride,
Beats high with blissful feeling:
And near him, like some gentle flow'r,
Whose lovely form is blending
With one beside it in the bow'r,
The bride is meekly bending.

Upon her hand the ring is plac'd,
The sure, tho' simple token,
Of love that cannot be effac'd,
Till life's frail chain is broken:
For time shall have no pow'r to part,
The vows they now have plighted,
As hand to hand, so heart to heart,
For ever is united.

He looks upon that fair one's brow,
New hopes illumine his bosom;
May ev'ry bud that's cherish'd now
Soon ripen into blossom:
There kneel the bridegroom and the bride
Each heart new joys possessing,
Whilst at the sacred altar's side,
The pastor breathes his blessing.

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

He leap'd into his boat,
As it lay upon the strand;
But oh! his heart was far away,
With his friends upon the land;
He thought of those he lov'd the best,
A wife and infant dear,
And feeling fill'd the sailor's breast,
The sailor's eye a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff,
And wav'd a kerchief white,
And gaz'd upon his gallant bark,
Till she was out of sight:
The sailor cast a look behind,
No longer saw them near,
Then rais'd the canvas to his eye,
And wiped away a tear.

Ere long, o'er ocean's blue expanse
His sturdy bark had sped;
The gallant sailor from her prow,
Descries a sail ahead;
And then he rais'd his mighty arm,
Columbia's foes were near;
Ay, then he rais'd his arm, but not
To wipe away a tear.

NOW AT MOONLIGHT'S FAIRY HOUR.

A DUET.—*Composed by Thos. Thomson.*

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
And vale and mountain, lake and bower,
In solitary grandeur sleep.

When slowly sinks the ev'ning breeze,
That lulls the mind in pensive ease,
And fancy loftier visions sees,
Bid Music wake the silent air.

Bid the merry tabour sound,
And with the fays of lawn or glade
In tripling circlets beat the ground,
Under the high trees' trembling shade.

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
Shall music breathe her dulcet voice,
And o'er the waves with magic power,
Call on echo to rejoice.

THE MOTHER.

Look on that brow—a playful smile,
Affection's ray of light,
Makes even beauty's self appear,
More beautiful and bright.

If ever heaven o'er the earth,
In all its splendour smil'd,
'Tis now, the mother's eager arm
Enfolds her first-born child.

She glances back to other days,
When she herself was young,
And helpless as the infant form,
On which her hopes are hung.

'Tis but a dream of yesterday,
The bud soon bursts to flow'r,
The flow'r expands, the blossom fades,
'Tis so with childhood's hour.

How many anxious thoughts have birth,
Within the mother's breast!
How many fears, then hopes, burst forth,
To lull them into rest!

She prays that thro' life's varied scenes,
That child may still remain,
In virtue's path, the faithful link
Of love and friendship's chain.

THE SECRET OF SINGING.

By B. Cornwall

Lady, sing no more!
Science all is vain,
Till the heart be touch'd, lady,
And give forth its pain.

'Tis a hidden lyre,
 Cherish'd near the sun,
 O'er whose witching wire, lady,
 Fairy fingers run.
 Pity comes in tears,
 From her home above,
 Hope, and sometimes fears, lady,
 And the wizard,—Love!
 Each doth search the heart,
 To its inmost springs,
 And when they depart, lady,
 Then the Spirit sings!

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

POPULAR DUET.

Words by Mr. Clifton.—Music from Mozart

The last link is broken that bound me to thee,
 And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me
 free;
 That bright glance, misleading, on others may shine,
 Those eyes smiled unheeded when tears burst from
 mine
 If my love was deemed boldness, that error is o'er,
 I've witnessed thy coldness, and prize thee no more,
 Oh! I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet.
 And pray for thee nightly, till life's sun hath set.

THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

Words by Moncrieff.

Though dimpled cheeks may give the light,
 Where rival beauties blossom,
 Though balmy lips to love invite
 To ecstasy the bosom;
 Yet sweeter far yon summer sky,
 Whose blushing tint discloses,

Give me the lustrc-beaming eye,
The sun that lights the roses.
The voice of love is soft and clear,
Exciting fond emotion ;
How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
Like music on the ocean ;
Yet dearer far to lover's sight,
The eye that truth discloses,
Surpassing with its splendour bright,
The sun that lights the roses.

COME LISTEN TO MY SONG.

Come listen to my song, my love,
'Twill not offend thine ear,
The moon is beaming bright above,
Thou hast no cause of fear.
I'll sing of lovers brave and true,
If thou wilt list to me,
I'll sing the charms of ladies fair,
But none so fair as thee.
Then listen, &c.

I'll sing of beauty, love and fame ;
Of love in distant climes ;
I'll sing of eyes so blue and bright,
But none so bright as thine.
Then listen to my song, my love,
For thou art dear to me,
And while there beams a light above,
I'll sing of love and thee.
Then listen, &c.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

A Duet.

He.—Gentle Zitella, whither away ?
Love's ritornella, list while I play.

She.—No, I have lingered too long on my road,
Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad !

Lonely Zitella has too much to fear;
Love's ritornella she may not hear.

He.—Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair!
And those bright eyes, if the brigand should see
Thou art the robber, the captive is he!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

She.—Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.

He.—To your light footsteps let terror add wings!
'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings!
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear!
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear!

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM, NEVER.

She never blam'd him, never,
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same!
But vainly did she dissemble,
For whene'er she'd try to smile,
A tear, unbidden, trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom,
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom!
She knew her cheek was alter'd,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only falter'd,
When she spoke of losing him

'Tis true, that he had lur'd her
From the isle where she was born,
'Tis true, he had injured her,
To the cold world's cruel scorn:

But yet she never blam'd him,
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
Yet she thought of him alone.

She sigh'd when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part,
She spoke not, when he press'd her
To his young and panting heart!
The banners wav'd around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound;
They pass'd—and strangers found her
Cold, and lifeless on the ground?

SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look
At the valley, and the village church, and the cottage by the brook;
He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze:
She breath'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could'nt hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear?

He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek?
Go watch the foremost ranks, in danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a tear?

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

Here we meet too soon to part ;
Here to leave will raise a smart ;
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none have place above thee.

Here I vow to love thee well ;
Could but words unseal the spell, *
Had but language strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee !

Here the rose that decks thy door ;
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower ;
Here the willow on the moor ;
The birds at rest above thee ;

Had they light of life to see
Sense of soul, like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be,
How doatingly I love thee !

OH ! NO, I'LL NEVER MENTION HIM.

Oh ! no, I'll never mention him,
His name is never heard ;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see ;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more,
The valley where we met ;
I do not see that hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget ?

They tell me he is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets his vow,
But I heed not what they say:
Like me perhaps he struggles
With each feeling of regret:
But if he loves as I have loved,
He never can forget.

LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all its pride,
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.
We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove, beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty water-fall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O
Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.
But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented briar,
Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.
And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O.
Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O?

MY BONNIE LASS, NOW TURN TO ME.

My bonnie lass, now turn to me,
And gie a smile to cheer me,
An honest heart I'll gie to thee,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,
All in the morning early,
With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.
Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,
I heed neither mother nor father nor brother,
With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,
For in truth I love thee dearly.

There's many a lass I love full well,
And many who love me dearly,
But there's ne'er a one, except thyself,
That I e'er could love sincerely.
Come o'er the heather, &c.

ALL THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER THE
BORDER.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the blue bonnets are over the border .
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount, and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain-glen,
Fight for your king, and the old Scottish border.
March, march, Ettrick, &c.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing
Come from the glens of the buck and the roe,
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow ;

Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order:
England shall many a day,
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.
March, march, Ettrick, &c.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, smile again!
Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie,
For it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely
Be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely
Is not kind in thee.
Smile again, &c.

Fare-thee-well, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, fare-ye-well,
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
More than tongue can tell.
Though we're doom'd by fate to sever,
(And 'tis hard to part)
Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
Own my faithful heart.
Then, smile again, &c.

THE DASHING WHITE SERJEANT

Sung by Miss Kelly.

If I had a beau,
For a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say No?
No, not I!
When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But give him eclat for his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away '
March away, &c.

When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I'd take on,
And sit moping forlorn?
No, not I!
His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return, crown'd with victory
If an army of Amazons, &c.

INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flow'ry lea;
And fine it is on green hill side,
Where hums the bonnie bee:
But rarer, fairer, finer still,
Is the Ingle side for me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
And haughs hae a' the scented ware,
That simmer's growth can gie:
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e,
That mak's to us a warl' complete,
Oh! the Ingle side for me.

SLOWLY WEARS THE DAY, LOVE.

Slowly wears the day, love,
When away from thee;
Scenes, before so gay, love,
Charm no longer me.
The bower that sweetly smil'd, love,
Decked with roses rare,

Seems a desert wild, love,
When thou art not there.
My heart with joy o'erflows, love,
When I see thee near;
Each pulse with rapture glows, love,
When thy voice I hear!
In thine angel smile, love,
Heaven appears to be;
'Tis as free from guile, love,
'Tis as dear for me!

WATERS OF ELLE.

Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing
Smooth and untroubled o'er the flow'ry vale:
On thy green banks, once more the wild-rose blowing,
Greets the young spring, and scents the passing gale.
Here, 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me:
Wear this, (he cried) his guileful love disclosing,
Near to thy heart, in memory of me!
Love's cherished gift (the rose he gave) is faded—
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES THE SIGH

A DUET.—*Arranged by A. Braham.*

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.
So the tender flower appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Till the sunbeams' genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

BRIGNAL BANKS.

Words by Sir W. Scott.—Music by Dr. Clarke.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turret high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—
O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.
If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as queen of May.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.
I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood.
A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May!

With burnish'd brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.
I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O, though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.

CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

Come, chase that starting tear away
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least to-night, be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings;
Like sunset gleams that linger late,
When all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest and the last.
Then chase that, &c.

To gild our dark'ning life, if heaven
But one bright hour allow;

Oh! think that one bright hour is given,
In all its splendour now!
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell—are touch'd with light—
Then lost for ever more.

SHOULD THESE FOND HOPES.

Should these fond hopes e'er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy young heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all the visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst
banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone.

Oh! 'tis then, he, thou hast slighted,
Would come to cheer thee, when all seemed o'er
When the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more:
Like that dear bird, we both can remember.
Who left us while summer shone around;
But when chill'd by bleak December,
Upon our threshold a welcome still found

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute, whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well,
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.
I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;

My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
If ever care his discord flings,
O'er life's enchanted strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

BAVARIAN BROOM GIRL.

From Teutichland I come, with my light wares all
laden,

To dear happy England, in summer's gay bloom,
Then listen, fair lady and young pretty maiden,
Oh! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Oh! buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom.

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy, to use night and day,
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing
My toils for your favour again I'll resume,
And while gratitude's tear in my eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Buy a broom! buy a broom!
Bless the time that in England I cried buy a
broom!

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances,
Honour'd and blest be the evergreen pine ;
Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line.

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow ;
While every highland glen,
Sends our shout back again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at beltane, in winter to fade ;
When the whirlwind has stript every leaf on the
mountain,

The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow :
Menteith and Bredalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
Glen Luss and Ross Dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe :
Lenox and Leven Glen
Shake when they hear again,

" Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Hightands
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine !
O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine

O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and blest, in their shadow might grow;
 Loud should Clan Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!"

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and chill;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh!

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger:
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me:
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh, where is the cottage that stood by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall?
 Oh where is my mother that watch'd o'er my child-
 hood,
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Ah! my sad soul long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Oh why did it doat on a fast fading treasure—
 Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Oh, hard cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me,
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me--
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion
Erin ma vorneen, Erin go Bragh!

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heav'n is smiling o'er us.
The wocs and pains,
The galling chains,
That keep our spirits under,
In proud disdain,
We've brok'n again,
And tore each link asunder.
March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from her invader?
Who, his base life to save,
Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
Our hallow'd cause,
Our home and laws,
'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
We'll gain a crown
Of bright renown,
Or die—our rights maintaining!
March to the, &c.

THE WATCHMAN.

Good night, good night, my dearest,
How fast the moments fly ;
'Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry,
" Past twelve o'clock !" —good night!

Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so?—
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go.
" Past one o'clock !" —good night!

Now wrap thy cloak about thee :—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're past without thee,
They're, oh! ten times as long.
" Past two o'clock !" —good night!

Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky,—'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night!
" Past three o'clock !" —good night.

ISABEL.

Wake, dearest, wake! and again united
We'll rove by yonder sea ;
And where our first vows of love were plighted,
Our last farewell shall be ;
There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,
And there I'll part from thee.
There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles delighted,
And there I'll part from thee.
Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!
One look, though that look is in sorrow ;
Fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well!
Far hence I shall wander to-morrow :
Ah me! ah me!

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
Whom I have lov'd alone ;
"Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever
With sorrows like my own ;
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.

Isabel! Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lovely bowers,
Some happier youth you see ;
And you cull for him spring's sweetest flowers,
And he sings of love to thee :
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh! tell him to love like me.
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh! tell him to love like me.

Isabel! Isabel, &c.

MORGIANA.

Ah! what is the bosom's commotion,
In a sea of suspense while 'tis tost!
While the heart in our passion's wild ocean
Feel's even hope's anchor is lost.
Morgiana, thou art my dearest,
For thee I have languish'd and griev'd!
And when hope to my bosom was nearest,
How oft has that hope been deceiv'd.
Morgiana, my hope was deceiv'd.

The storm of despair has blown over:
No more by its vapour depress'd,
I laugh at the clouds of a lover,
With the sunshine of joy in my breast.
Love made by a parent my duty,
To the wish of my heart now arriv'd ;
I bend to the power of beauty,
And ev'ry fond hope is reviv'd.
Morgiana, my hope is reviv'd.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS
AS LIGHT.

Air,—John O'Reilly, the active.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now,
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night,
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.
The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to
my mind;
But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Who often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship se-
curest,
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline

FLY AWAY, PRETTY MOTH

Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade
Of the leaf where you slumber'd all day,
Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty moth,
And make use of your wings while you may.
Tho' yon glittering light
May have dazzled you quite,

Though the gold of yon lamp may be gay ;
Many things in this world, that look bright, pretty
moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

I have seen, pretty moth, in the world,
Some as wild as yourself and as gay ;
Who, bewitch'd by the sweet fascination of eyes,
Flitted round them by night and by day.
But though dreams of delight
May have dazzled them quite,
They at last found it dangerous play ;
Many things in this world, that look bright, pretty
moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

AWAY! AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

Adapted to music.

Away! away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving,
Away! away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the stream is gently laving,
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose as it opes to the day,
While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
Away! away, to the mountain's brow, &c.

Away! away, to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding.
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding ;
While beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose, as it opes to the day,
While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
Away! away, to the rocky glen, &c.

OH! THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S
TEAR.

Oh! Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above!
Then, sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day!

THE WELCOME OF ROYAL CHARLIE.

Arouse! arouse! ilk kilted clan,
Let Highland hearts lead on the van;
Forward wi' her, dirk in hand,
To fight for royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
The Highland hills are a' your air,
Welcome to your ain again—
Welcome, royal Charlie.

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mong Highland hills,
Can nobly brave the face o' ills;
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight o' royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly wags, o'er dale and knowe,
To hear the oath, and sacred vow—

We'll live or die wi' Charlie:

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed
Shall trample on her hardy seed;
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.

Welcome, Charlie, &c.

Among the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son
Who would not to his standard run,
And rally round prince Charlie?

Welcome, Charlie, &c

Then let the flowing queech go round,
And bokkly bid the pibroch sound,
Till ev'ry glen and rock resound
The name of royal Charlie.

Welcome, Charlie, &c

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD I ADORE

A soldier's the lad I adore,
Though he's far from his friends and his home;
Love! grant I may see him once more,
And march to the roll of his drum.

With plume in his helm, and his sword
By his side, and a hero-like show,
He march'd to the field at the glorious word,
And beat the retreat of the foe

Full many a youth have I seen,
Who has whisper'd affection to me ;
But give me the lad with a doublet of green,
Who can beat freedom's reveille.

Should he fall, but I hope he may not,
His spirit shall dwell with the brave,
His deeds by his country shall ne'er be forgot
While Freedom weeps over his grave.

Then march to the roll of the drum,
It summons the brave to the plain,
Where heroes contend for the home
Which perchance they may ne'er see again.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN HORN.

Come, my gallant soldier, come,
Leave the proud embattled field,
Shrilly fife, and rolling drum,
All the pleasures war can yield.
Quickly come, again behold
The happy land where thou wert born,
And hear its music sweet and bold,
The merry mountain horn.
The merry mountain horn,
Yhu—i—eo—ei—o—yhu,
The merry mountain horn !

In thy native valley find,
Far away from pomp and power,
Constant love and peace of mind,
Here in bright affection's bower.
Quickly come, &c.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept,
With many a shell, in whose hollow wreath'd chamber,

The Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

Nor shall Iran (beloved of her hero) forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.
Around thee, &c.

TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling fast
Upon the rosy sea,
I watch that star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?
And thou, too, on that, &c

There's not a garden walk I tread
There's not a flower I see;
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee:
And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here
May turn to smiles in heaven.
And still I wish, &c.

A GARDEN FORMED.

A garden form'd by nature wild,
Is like sweet woman kind,
If train'd with care, with culture mild,
Its beauties soon we find.

When weeded, soon it kindly blows,
And every sweet displays,
With charms as blooming as the rose,
The pride of summer days.
With charms, &c.

Or, like the modest Julian flower,
That blooms alone at night;
But sweetens then each blissful hour,
Beyond the charms of light.
Though tulips may of charms possess
The rarest of the rare,
The sweet *two-lips* I love to press
Are those which grace the fair.
The sweet *two-lips*, &c.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

Blow, warder, blow! thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high,
For the Christians have fought in the Holy Land,
And have won the victory!
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav'd on high—
Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast, the feast eat merrily.'

The warder look'd from the tower on high,
As far as he could see;
I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
He comes from the East country.'
Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarse,
'I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright,
He beareth a flaming cross.'

Then down the lord of the castle came,
The red-cross knight to meet;
And when the red-cross knight he espied,
Right loving he did him greet.

'Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight,
For thy fame's well known to me;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
rung,
And we'll feast right merrily, merrily.'

Oh, I am come from the Holy Land,
Where saints did live and die;
Behold the device I bear on my shield!
The red-cross knight am I.
And we have fought in the Holy Land,
And have won the victory:
For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.'

'Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight,
Dear knight, come lay thy armour by,
And for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily, merrily:
For all in my castle shall rejoice
That we've won the victory;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
rung,
And the feast, the feast eat merrily.'

LIFE.

Written by Barry Cornwall.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil,—through pain and wrong ;
 We fight,—and fly ;
 We love ; we lose ; and then, ere long,
 Stone-dead we lie.
 O Life ! is *all* thy song
 ‘ Endure and—die ?’

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O’ DUMBLANE.

Favourite Melody.

The sun has gane down o’er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o’er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier wi’ its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi’ its mantle o’ green,
 Yet sweeter an’ fairer an’ dear to my bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dumblane,
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dumblane.
 She’s modest as ony, an’ blythe as she’s bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,
 An’ far be the villam divested o’ feeling,
 Wha’d blight in its blossom the sweet flow’r o’
 Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e’ening,
 Thou ’rt dear to the echoes o’ Calderwood glen,
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dumblane.
 How lost were my days, till I met wi’ my Jessie,
 The sports o’ the city seem’d foolish and vain,
 I ne’er saw a nymph I would ca’ my dear lassie,
 Till charm’d wi’ sweet Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dum-
 blane.
 Tho’ mine were the station o’ loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I’d languish in pain,
 An’ reckon as naething the height o’ its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow’r o’ Dumblane.

O NEVER FALL IN LOVE.

Sung by Clara Fisher.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
Oh never fall in love!
Better lead apes—you know where,
Than ever fall in love;

For men, their ends to gain,
Are cruel when most kind;
Their tears are false as rain,
Their vows are only wind;
And if you say them No,
They swear their hearts are broke;
Yet when half dead with wo,
How nice and plump they look.
Fall not in love, &c.

For if a rake you wed,
For better and for worse,
When honey-moons are fled,
Oh! how he'll squeeze your purse:
And if you scold at night,
Quite easy by the by,
Your husband grown polite,
Yawns most melodiously.
Fall not in love, &c

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw in its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa,
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
An' I'll welcome you,
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean ;
She was baith gude an' fair, Jean
An' we grudg'd her sair,
To the land o' the leal.

Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean ;
My soul lings to be free, Jean ;
An' angels wait on me,
In the land o' the leal.

Then farewell, my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet an' aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing, at Saint Ann's, our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon ;
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Flow on, thou shining river,
But ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee;
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and lovely charms shall be
Thrown upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

WHEN LIFE LOOKS LONE AND DREARY

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story,
Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em
This world can offer to me
No throne like beauty's bosom,
No freedom like serving thee,
Oh, woman!

MERMAID SONG.

Sung by Miss Kelly.

Follow, follow through the sea,
To the mermaid's melody:
Safely, freely shalt thou range,
Through things dreadful, quaint, and strange
And through liquid walls behold
Wonders that may not be told,
Treasures too for ages lost,
Gems surpassing human cost,
Fearless, follow, follow me,
Through the treasures of the sea.

THE LAVENDER GIRL.

Air,—Morgiana in Ireland.

As the sun climbs o'er the hills,
When the sky-larks sing so cheerily,
I my little basket fill,
And trudge along the village merrily.
Light my bosom, light my heart,
I but laugh at Cupid's dart;
I keep my mother, myself and brother,
By trudging along to sell my lavender.
Ladies try it, come and buy it,
Never saw ye nicer lavender;
Ladies try it, try it, try it,
Come, come, buy my lavender.
Ere the gentry quit their beds,
(Foes to health—I'm wisely keeping it)
Oft I earn my daily bread,
And sit beneath the hedge partaking it.
Ne'er repining, ne'er distress'd,
Tell me, then, am not I bless'd?
Though not wealthy, I'm young and healthy
And only care to sell my lavender.
Ladies, try it, &c.

THE HUNTER'S HORN.

Swift from the covert the merry pack fled,
While bounding they sprang over valley and mead
Wide spreading his antlers, erected his head,
The stag, his enemies scorning.
O had you seen then, through torrent, through brake,
Each sportsman right gallant his rival race take,
'Twould please beauty's ear to have heard echo
wake
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Clear'd was the forest, the mountain pass'd o'er;
Yet freshly their riders the willing steeds bore:
The river roll'd deep where the stag spurn'd the
shore,
Yet own'd no timorous warning.
So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung,
Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
While the dogs of the chase the rude melody rung.
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent!
But now your head's turn'd bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man:

And you amang them a' John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gare that ye have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na' that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the warping wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
And when invading pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his much loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

WILL WATCH.

'Twas one morn, when the wind from the northward
blew keenly,
While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then
serenely
Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promised his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore;
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be
mended;
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
'Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing and
cried,
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading;
In dock I can lie, and a friend serve beside.
Will lay-to, till the night came on darksome and
dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed
on't,
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the
need on't—
We'll fight while we can; when we can't, boys,
we'll run.

Through the haze of the night a bright flash now
appearing,

Oh! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear
down;

Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheer-
ing,

One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or
drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left be-
hind me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed:

Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch
would be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next
minute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke
more;

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained
in it,

Then sheer'd—and Will's hull to his Susan they
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with,

To few known his grave, and to few known his
end;

He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with,

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each
friend.

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
bellow,

Yon ash struck with lightning, points out the cold
bed

Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
lawless fellow,

Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the
dead.

CONVENT BELL.

Music by the late Benjamin Carr, Esq.

Far, far o'er hill and dell
On the winds stealing,
List to the convent bell,
Mournfully pealing;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
'As melt these sounds away,
So life's best joys decay,
Whilst new their feeling.'
Far, far, &c.

Now through the charmed air
Slowly ascending,
List to the chaunted prayer,
Solemnly blending;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
'Turn from such joys away,
To those which ne'er decay,
Though life is ending.'
Far, far, &c.

O'er the fallen warrior's tomb,
Holy monks are bending;
From the solemn cloister's gloom
Hear the dirge ascending;
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
'How vain is glory's way,
Life's joys and empire's sway,
In the dark grave ending.'
Far, far, &c.

So when our mortal ties,
Death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies,
Where care comes never;
And in eternal day,
Joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay
Homage for ever.

Alleluia, Amen.

OH! 'TIS LOVE.

Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That rules us all completely,
Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Commands, and we obey.

What in the palace or the hovel
Doth chase dull care away?
What is the theme of ev'ry novel?
What is the plot of ev'ry play?
Say, what keeps the carriage
Of many a modern miss,
And makes even marriage,
Sometimes a state of bliss?—
Oh! 'tis love, &c.

Love yields the sweetest, dearest pleasure,
Love doubles every other charm;
Love makes the miser yield his treasure,
Love e'en the Stoic's heart can warm:
In deserts the wildest,
On mountains or on plains,
Where climates are mildest,
Or winter ever reigns.
Oh! 'tis love, &c.

SINCE THEN I'M DOOMED.

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear:
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart
Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here!
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender care.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.

WHILST WITH VILLAGE MAIDS.

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day,
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild content the constant guest.
Whilst, &c.

HOURS THERE WERE.

Hours there were to mem'ry dearer
Than the sunbright scenes of day;
Friends were fonder, joys were nearer,
But, alas! they've fled away!
Oh! 'twas when the moonlight playing
On the valley's silent grove,
Told the blissful hour for straying,
With my fond, my faithful love.

Oft when evening faded mildly,
 O'er the wave our bark would rove,
 Then we've heard the night bird wildly
 Breathe his vesper tale of love.
 Songs like these my love would sing me
 Songs that warble round me yet:
 Ah! but where does mem'ry lead me—
 Scenes like these I must forget!

But in dreams let love be near me,
With the joys that bloom'd before,
Slumbering, then 'twill sweetly cheer me -
Calm to live my pleasures o'er.
Then, perhaps, some hopes may waken
In this heart depress'd with care,
And like flowers, in vale forsaken,
Live in lonely beauty there.

THE LAST BUGLE.

Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of
the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under Death, whom he owns his commander in chief
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief.
But in spite of Death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle,
When he hears the last bugle, he'll stand to his arms

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may ye rest,
And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the Chief Ensign, fair Mercy's flag,
wave;
Then, freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle,
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

BEHOLD IN HIS SOFT.

Behold! in his soft expressive face,
Her well known features here I see,
And here the gentle smile can trace,
Which once so sweetly beam'd on me;
Ah! Rosalie!
Ah! Rosalie! that death should sever
Two hearts that could have lov'd for ever

Here I could fancy I beheld
In thee, sweet boy, her heavenly charms;
Could think, by hope and love impell'd,
I clasp'd her offspring in my arms.
My child! my child!
My child, like this, was lovely ever,
Till death decreed our hearts to sever.

OH, LADY FAIR.

First voice.

Oh lady fair, where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.

Second voice.

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' Fountain.

First voice.

And who is the man with his white locks flowing?
Oh lady fair, where is he going?

Third voice.

A wand'ring pilgrim weak I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Trio.

Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

First voice.

Fair lady! rest till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Second voice.

Oh! stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' Fountain.

First voice.

Thou, pilgrim, turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow

Third voice.

Good stranger! when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Trio.

Strew then, oh, strew our bed of rushes,
Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below.
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt, with doubts, thy constant mind;
'They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
'Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
'Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land!
"Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
O'er moor and o'er mountain hath pass'd the war
sign:
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering, by loch and by lea:
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.
Draw the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Charge as ye have charged in days lang syne.
Sound to the onset! onset! onset!
He who but falters is nae son o' thine!

Sheathe the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
Sheathe the sword, Scotland! for dimm'd is its shine.
Thy foemen are flying, flying, flying,
And who kens nae mercy is nae son o' thine.
The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle is over, the victory won:
There are tears for the fallen, fallen, fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland! Scotland! Scotland!
With thy loved thistle new laurels entwize:
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them,
But hand down the garland to each son o' thine

GIVE ME, MY LOVE.

Give me, my love, the roseate flower
I saw thee cull from yonder bower,
And with the gift I ne'er will part,
But fondly wear it next my heart.

Then if perchance I feel a thorn,
'Tis but an emblem of thy scorn;
Yet, not the thorn shall make us part,
Still will I wear it next my heart.

WHERE ROSES WILD.

Where roses wild were blowing,
There stood an humble cot,
Around it streams were flowing,
Contentment blest the spot.
But human bliss is fleeting,
And joy is but a flower,
The heart with sorrow meeting,
Will wither 'neath its power.

This peaceful habitation
Contain'd a beauteous maid,
No flow'ret in creation,
Such sweetness e'er display'd
In youth of beauty beaming,
Celestial was its ray,
Love came with artful seeming
And stole that bloom away.

And now the cot's forsaken,
The garden's all a waste,
Their ruin'd charms awaken
Sad feelings in the breast.

No roses now are blowing,
Where smil'd the happy cot,
But thorns and weeds are growing,
And gloom o'ershades the spot.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say—
O never, nay,
Can words love's grace impart?
The fancy weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart;
In one soft look what language lies!
O, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
O, never, I
No pinions have to soar:
Deceivers rove,
But never love;
Attach'd he roves no more:
Can he have wings, who never flies?
Oh, yes, believe me, love has eyes.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round:
And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way—
Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
A friend!—a friend!—good night!—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck:

And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well known voice salutes his ear—
What cheer! oh! brother, quickly tell,
Above!—below!—good night!—all's well.

BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

Our cot was shelter'd by a wood,
And near a lake's green margin stood;
A mountain bleak behind us frown'd,
Whose top the snow in summer crown'd.
But pastures rich and warm to boot,
Lay smiling at the mountain's foot;
There first we frolick'd hand in hand,
Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know
The meaning of a tale of woe,
'Twas then by mother we were told
That father in his grave lay cold;
That livelihoods were hard to get,
And we too young to labour yet;
And tears within her eyes would stand,
For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother, as we grew,
We work'd as much as boys could do;
Our daily gains to her we bore:—
But ah! she'll ne'er receive them more.
For long we watch'd beside her bed,
Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead:
And now we wander hand in hand,
Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
Or felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
Dear woman's tearful eye?

Oh! bear him to some distant shore
Or solitary cell,
Where nought but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear;
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue dear;
And he who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live,
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
That joy her virtues give.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs!
The clouds were rent asunder,
By light'ning's vivid pow'rs!
The night both drear and dark!
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billows,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!
To cling the slipp'ry shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay,
Till next day,
In the bay of Biscay, O

At length the wish'd for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd the bitter sigh;

The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay,
On that day,
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent!
A sail in sight appears,
We hail it with three cheers!
Now we sail,
With the gale,
From the bay of Biscay, O!

THE TRUE YANKEE SAILOR.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew,
Though his body was weak, and his hands they were
soft,

When the signal was given he was first man aloft,
And the veterans all cried, he'd one day lead the van,
In the heart of a boy was the soul of a man—
And he lived like a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
That the myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when, by victory crown'd,
The flag, shot away, fell in tatters around,
And the foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out,
Avast!

For Columbia's colours he nail'd to the mast,
And he died like a true Yankee sailor

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale,
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen.
Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there,
For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
So meet me by moonlight alone.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
"One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free
"They shall never sound in slavery"

OH! WHY SHOULD THE GIRL.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears,
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the gloom of the past and the sorrows of years
Have been paid by the moment of bliss.

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet;
Do they flow like the dew of the love breathing night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set.

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

An additional verse by J. M. Brown.

'Mid pleasure and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than
all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c

WITH HELMET ON HIS BROW.

Sung by Mr Povey.

With helmet on his brow, and sabre on his thigh,
The soldier mounts his gallant steed to conquer or to die :

His plume, like a pennon, streams on the wanton summer wind,

In the path of glory still that white plume shalt thou find ;

Then let the trumpet's blast to the brazen drum reply,

'A soldier must with honour live, or at once with honour die.'

O bright as his own good sword, a soldier's fame must be,

And pure as the plume that floats above his helm, so white and free,

No fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that shame may throw

One spot upon that blade so bright, one stain on that plume of snow ;

Then let the trumpet's blast to the brazen drum reply,

'A soldier must with honour live, or at once with honour die.'

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight !
He comes through the storm, and the darkness of night !

For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
The warrior bends low at the cottager's door ;
Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,
His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow ;
And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.

Rest, warrior rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell,
Of his lady-love's bower and her latest farewell;
Love's illusion shall banish the battle's alarms,
He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his
arms;
He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her
kiss—
Ah! warrior, awake not! such slumber is bliss!
Rest, warrior, rest.

GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.

Gaily sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh! then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth,
Lighted by those eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.
Then the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With night's bright eye-beams o'er head;
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh! then, how sweet to say
Into the lov'd one's ear,
Thoughts reserv'd through many a day,
To be thus whisper'd there.
When the dance and feast are done,
Arm and arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play
Then, then the farewell kiss,
And words whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts alone.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN.

The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin to bonnie Lochleven,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!

Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
And heard the bonnie pibrochs play
The Campbells, &c.

Great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes his cannons loudly roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells, &c.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

Let him who sighs in sadness here,
Rejoice and know a friend is near;
What heav'nly sounds are those I hear?
What being comes the gloom to cheer?

When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his weary post,
From thoughts of danger free;
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears, amid the howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift from the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man, with gallant crew,

And dare the dang'rous wave ;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But oh ! what rapture fills each breast,
Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd ;
Then landed safe, what joy to tell
Of all the dangers that befell.
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The minute gun at sea.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Oh years have flown since first we met,
And sorrows have been mine !
I've often thought with fond regret,
On auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

I felt, when to thy bosom press'd,
That greater joys were mine ;
Than e'er my youthful heart had known,
In auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

Though fortune points thy path of life,
Far, far away from mine ;
The hour may be when next we meet,
An auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

Then fare-thee-well, if thou art bless'd,
Thy friend will not repine ;
But some time give a kindly thought,
To auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air ;
Who bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair :
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck ;
O ! perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine ;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleeter, when nerv'd by the vine,
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the colour of true hearts, sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck ;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck.
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away ;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller
Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop ;
Wand'ring drearily, and sad unraveller
Of the maze towards the mountain's top.
Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,
Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop—
Oh ! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
Treads the maze towards the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
"Twould be folly to think on't more ;
Blithe and jolly he the can holds fast by
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door :
Eating, quaffing, at past labour laughing,
Better far by half in spirits than before—
Oh ! how merrily the rested traveller
Sings while sitting at the goatherd's door

TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd ;
The duties ablest seamen do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him sure from being drown'd,
For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;
Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
'Had saved his life, and fate was kind :
And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
Of all past dangers made a joke ;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nobly ran
To cheer his Nan, his destin'd bride ;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save ;
And Tom return'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

A SOLDIER'S THE LAD.

A soldier's the lad for my notion,
A soldier's the lad for my notion :
 We girls must allow,
 That his row de dow, dow,
Sets the hearts of his hearers in motion ;
 With his row de dow, row de dow,
 Oh ! a soldier's the lad for my notion

 Then the air militaire,
 So delightfully inspiring ;
To a soldier my heart is devoted,
To a soldier my heart is devoted ;
For who like a soldier can love.
 With his row de dow, dow, &c.

I'LL WATCH FOR THEE.

I'll watch for thee from my lonely bower,
Come over the sea at the twilight hour ;
 But when the day
 Passes away,
Come when the nightingale sings on the tree ,
 Come, remove
 Doubts of my love :
But if thou lovest me not, come not to me.

Why didst thou say, I was brighter far,
Than the bright ray of the evening star ?
 Why didst thou come
 Seeking my home,
Till I believed thy vows were sincere ?
 Oh ! if thy vow
 Wearies thee now,
Though I may weep for thee—never come here.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and truehearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

I KNOW A BANK.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier, tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

My heart with love is beating,
Transported by your eyes;
Alas! there's no retreating,
In vain the captive flies.

Then why such anger cherish?
Why turn these eyes away?
For if you bid me perish,
Alas! I must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
Could valour gain thy charms,
I'd prove myself a lover,
Against a world in arms.
Proud fair, thus low before thee,
A prostrate warrior view;
Whose love, delight and glory,
Are centered in you.

WHEN MORNING'S LIGHT IS GENTLY BREAKING.

When morning's light is gently breaking,
Along the ocean's placid tide;
And when the breeze is first awaking,
O'er the wave we gaily ride.
Unfurl the sail, with caution steer,
The wily nets prepare;
To yonder crag our barque we'll bring,
And seize with joy the ocean's king:
The wily nets prepare;
To yonder crag our barque we'll bring,
Our barque to anchor bring,
And seize with joy the ocean's king.

We leave our huts when day is dawning,
And mark the bright sun's early ray;
And then all toil and danger scorning,
O'er waves of blue we speed away.
Our barque rides gaily on again,
In silence o'er the main;
And when the western breezes spring,
We seize with joy the ocean's king.
In silence o'er, &c.

I'VE GAZED UPON THY SUNNY SMILE.

Words by Carolus.—Air, Love's Young Dream.

I've gazed upon thy sunny smile,
In silent joy ;
I've mark'd the rose-tint on thy cheek—
Thy beauteous eye.
I've seen thy beauty ripen more,
And stronger glow ;
I saw thee in thy youthful prime—
I see thee now !

I've view'd the early rose, at morn,
Whose fragrant sigh
Breathed sweetness to the summer air,
And flow'rets nigh :
I look'd at eve—alas ! the storm
Had spoil'd the gem ;
Its leaves were scatter'd—none remain'd
Upon the stem.

I've wept to think that age will dim
Thy beaming eye ;
That care may wash from off thy cheek
The sweetest dye.
To mark the change would break my heart,
If swiftly wrought ;
But care and sorrow slowly steal
And damp each thought.

NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Air,—Open the Door.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Ev'ry note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died!
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the
west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

THE DOWNY CHEEK.

The downy cheek so red, so fair,
The bosom's snowy whiteness,
The pouting lips so red, so rare,
The eye with sparkling brightness,

Are beauties like the summer leaf,
Which length of years decay,
Which envious time, that cruel thief,
Will surely steal away.

But when conjoined with them, we find
Charms that surpass all beauty,
A virtuous heart, a feeling mind,
Our love becomes a duty.
Then mad are those who madly range,
To all but beauty blind,
For time nor place can ever change,
The beauties of the mind.

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wanton'st through the flow'ry thorn;
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE LAST WHISTLE.

Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Jack's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, nor again heave the lead;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot ahead;

Yet, though worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a
wreck,
When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon
deck.

With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on
board,

At last he dropt down to mortality's road ;
With eternity's ocean before him in view,
He cheerfully pip'd out, ' My messmates, adieu !'
Though worms, &c.

Secure in his cabin, he's moor'd in the grave,
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave ;
Press'd by death, he is sent to the tender below,
Where lubbers and seamen must ev'ry one go.
Yet, though worms, &c

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

Oh, think on my fate ! once I freedom enjoy'd—

Was happy as happy could be ;

But pleasure is fled,—even hope is destroy'd—

A captive, alas ! on the sea.

I was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate,

To tear me from her I adore ;

When hope brings to mind my once happy estate,

I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate ! O how galling my chain !

My life steer'd by misery's chart ;

And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,

Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.

I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharp lash

Yet my heart feels for her I adore ;

When thought brings to mind my once happy estate

I sigh, while I tug at the oar !

How fortune deceives ! we had pleasure in tow,

The port where she dwelt we'd in view ;

But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with wo.

And, dear Anna, I hurried from you.

Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anna no more!—
But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay—
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar.

OH TELL ME HOW FROM LOVE TO FLY.

Oh tell me how from love to fly,
Its dangers how to shun,
To guard the heart, to shield the eye,
Or I must be undone.

For thy impression on my mind,
No time, nor power can move;
And vain, alas! the task I find,
To look and not to love!

Could absence my sad heart uphold,
I'd hence and mourn my lot;
But mem'ry will not be controll'd,
Thou ne'er canst be forgot.

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

Thine am I, thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse, ev'ry pulse, along my veins,
Ev'ry roving fancy:
To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb, to throb and languish;
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away, take away those rosy lips,
Rich, rich with balmy treasure;
Turn away, turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure:
What is life when wanting love,
Night, night without a morning;
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

THE INVINCIBLES.

Sung by Madame Vestris.

When the merry fife and drum,
And the bugles loudly play,
Then gaily march to the martial sounds,
The Invincibles so gay;
Each lass upon parade,
With cap and smart cockade,
'To the men will show, that well she knows
The gallant soldier's trade.
Our corp'ral leads us on,
And in quick time we move,
With arms in hand, a valiant band,
Our truth and love to prove.
Then ladies join our ranks,
Our banners proudly wave,
Invincibles in love and war.
Come join the gay and brave.

Invincibles are we,
With heart and arms combin'd,
And no attention find will he
Who is not to our mind;
We never present arms
To the purseprend awkward lout,
For soon is the word from our corp'ral heard
To face to the right about;
But to the youths who please,
We quickly stand at ease,
Resign our arms, quit war's alarms,
To dwell in love and peace.
Then ladies, &c.

I HAVE PLUCKED.

I have pluck'd the sweetest flower,
I have dream'd in fancy's bower,
I have bask'd in beauty's eyes,
I have mingled melting sighs:

If all these sweets to hive,
I'm the guiltiest man alive,—
But, gentle maids, believe,
I never can deceive,
Nor cause your breasts to heave,
With a sad heigho!

But to raise in beauty's frame,
The burning blush of shame—
Or bid the tear to start,
Far be it from my heart;
Such base attempts I scorn,
To honour was I born,
Then, gentle maidens, spare
The heart you thus ensnare,
Or the willow I must wear,
With a sad heigho!

SAY WHAT IS DEAR.

Sung by Miss Love.

Say what is dear to the heart of the brave,
As the banner of victory is waving on high?
When fall'n is the foe, who fain would enslave
The children of freedom, who conquer or die!

O yes! there's a joy more bliss can impart,
Than all the proud trophies won on the field;
It is to clasp to your bosom the maid of your heart,
And as offerings of love those trophies to yield.

ELEANOR GREY.

Air,—Savourna Deelish.

Oh, long shall I think of the miller's fair daughter,
'The flower of the valley, poor Eleanor Grey,
For though sorrow's sure hand to the cold grave has
brought her,
Her virtues in memory ne'er shall decay:

Like the glow-worm which shines, the night's darkness illuming,
Like the breath of the rose, which, though sweet while 'tis blooming,
Breathes sweeter when death is its beauty entombing,
Is the memory sweet of poor Eleanor Grey.

If to love be a crime, and there's sin in believing,
Then scarcely a sinner was poor Eleanor Grey;
For Edward was tender, and form'd for deceiving,
And swore to protect when he meant to betray;
And like the mild night-plant when some rude foot bends it,
Whose only reproach is the perfume it lends it,—
She sighed, 'My heart blesses the false youth who rends it,'
Then died as she blessed him, poor Eleanor Grey.

IN HOME I FIND SWEETS.

Air,—Home, sweet Home.

Though some have a notion at all times to roam,
Let them wander for pleasure, I seek it at home;
Wife and children's caresses dispel ev'ry care,
And at home I find sweets I can't meet with elsewhere.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!

If you seek for true pleasure, you'll find it at home.

'Neath the ivy that fondly my cot doth entwine,
In a fav'rite oak chair, oft at eve I recline,
While each murmuring breeze seems our joys to increase,
As I hail my dear home, the sweet mansion of peace
Home, home, &c.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE.

Air,—*Banks of Banna.*

When through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that life made dear,
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Waking thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flow'rs have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath!

Music, oh! how faint, how weak,
Language seems before thy spell,
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they,
Oh, 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

FISHERMEN'S GLEE.

Ply the oar, brother, and speed the boat,
Swift o'er the glittering waves we float;
Then home as swiftly we'll haste again,
Loaded with wealth of the plunder'd main—
Loaded with wealth of the plunder'd main.
Pull away, pull away,
Row, boys, row;
A long pull, a strong pull,
And off we go.

Bass Solo.

And off we go.

Tenor.

Hark! hark! as the neighbouring convent bell
Throws o'er the waves its vesper swell,
Sullen its boom, from shore to shore,
Blending its chime to the dash of the oar:
Boom, boom—Dash, dash.

Pull away, pull away, &c.

OH, COME WITH ME.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Oh, come with me, I'll row thee o'er
Yon blue and peaceful sea;
And while I gently ply the oar,
Renew my vows to thee:
I'll bid thee gaze beneath thee,
On each reflected star;
Then think my soul reflects thee
As true, but brighter far.

Then come with me, &c

O! could I count the stars above
The wild waves' ceaseless swell,
My deep, my pure, my boundless love
To thee I could not tell.
As soon the stars may cease to rise,
The waves forget to flow,
Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
And cease to love thee—no!

Then come with me, &c

REMEMBER THE GLORIES.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Monoria, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkorah no more!

M

That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia! when nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of Slavery there?
 No,—Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their
 blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died;
 The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
 Oh! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

RISE! GENTLE MOON.

Sung by Miss Love.

Day nas gone down; on the Baltic's bright billow
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow:
 'The Baltic's broad billow;
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
 Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover,
 Rise! gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me;
 Brighter since then, hast thou ever seem'd to me:
 First stole forth to woo me;
 Brighter, since then, hast thou, &c.
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
 'Thine is the light, of all lights, to a lover.

IF YOU ASK WHAT IS LOVE.

If you ask, if you ask, what is love,
When we first, when we first feel its power,
I would, I would say, 'twas a thorn,
A thorn conceal'd in a flower,
Or honey collected beneath the bee's wing,
Where we scarce taste the sweets for the wound of
the sting,
Oh, this is love!—Oh, this is love.

If you ask, if you ask, what is love,
I would answer, would answer, a cheat;
'Tis woe, 'tis woe in a mask—
'Tis bliss, 'tis bliss in deceit,
'Tis poison in nectar, 'tis death in repose,
In prospect 'tis rapture, when near worst of woes.
Oh, this is love!—Oh, this is love.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had
lour'd,

And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till autumn and sunshine disclosed the sweet way,
To the house of my father, who welcom'd me back.
I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fulness of heart—
'Stay, stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

ROY'S WIFE.

Scottish Air.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said that she lo'ed me best of ony;
But oh, the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.
Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny

To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's forever left her Johnny.
 Roy's wife, &c.
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;
Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
But Roy's age is three times mine,
 I think his days will nae be mony,
And when the carl's dead and gane,
 She'll, may be, rue, and tak' her Johnny
 Roy's wife, &c.

SHE WEEPS O'ER THE TRINKETS HE GAVE HER.

Her eyes with her pale hand are shaded,
The bloom of her beauty is faded,
And loose hang the dark locks that aided,
 By contrast, the snow of her brow:
Her dream of enjoyment is over,
She seeks the fond smile of her lover,
Alas! he assumed it to cover
 The cold frown repulsing her now.
She weeps o'er the trinkets he gave her,
Bright lures, that made innocence waver,
The golden chains meant to enslave her
 Are broken, she throws them aside:
She thinks of her home, and its bowers,
Where spring strew'd the earliest flowers,
Too late for youth's happier hours,
 She mourns in her palace of pride.

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Meet me to-night in the path which lies
 By the side of the woodland hollow,
The moon will have open'd her silver eyes
 And tell thee which path to follow.

Then tripping along to thy footsteps' sound,
Thy lip to thy heart will be humming;
If thy glance for a moment turn around,
'Twill assure thee, love, I'm coming.

Oh! do not fear, not a tone will break
On earth or in air that can chide thee;
If a lonely rose perchance be awake,
'Twill droop its bloom beside thee.

FARE-THEE-WELL.

Fare-thee-well, and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare-thee-well!
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought might show,
Then thou wouldst at length discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
But 'tis done, all words are idle,
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way against the will.

Fare-thee-well, thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this,—I scarce can die.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill,
The fond ivy had dared to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built his nest on the pine;

Could I trace back the time, of a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsullied, descended to me;
For my child I've preserved it, unblemish'd with
shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free.

THE LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB

Away, away, my Barb and I,
As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby,
And leave a world of slaves behind.
'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely though alone;
I would not change my Arab Barb,
To mount a drowsy sultan's throne.
Away, away, &c.

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud e'er my native sands I rove,
An Arab tent my only home,
An Arab maid my only love.
Here freedom dwells without a fear,
Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
Who ever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child?
Away, away, &c.

AN OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING.

An old man would be wooing
A damsel gay and young,
But she, while he was suing,
For ever laugh'd and sung,
An old man, an old man, will never do for me
For May and December can never agree.

She sung till he was dozing—
A youth by fortune bless'd,
While Guardy's eyes were closing,
Her hand delighted press'd.
An old man, an old man, will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree.

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping,
I vow 'twas much amiss,
He watch'd the old man sleeping,
And softly stole—a kiss.
An old man, an old man, will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee,
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
Those tears but ill become thee;
What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thundering cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above
Thy fervent orisons are flown,
The tender prayer thou puttest up there,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserving:
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I fearless seek the conflict's heat;
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspired thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd, and admir'd thee :
I go assur'd, my life, adieu,
Though thundering cannons rattle,
Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

A HIGHLAND LADDIE HEARD OF WAR.

A highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion ;
He heard the distant cannon roar,
He saw the smiling ocean :
Come weal, come woe,
To sea he'd go,
And left, one morning early
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jean that loved him dearly.

He wander'd east, he wander'd south,
But joy he could not find it ;
But he found out this wholesome truth
And had the sense to mind it,—
Of a' the earth,
The bonny north
To cherish late and early ;
Loch Lomond Ben,
And the willow glen,
And Jean that loved him dearly.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

Ah! where can fly my soul's true love?
Sad I wander this lone grove ;
Sighs and tears for him I shed,
Henry is from Laura fled.

Thy love to me thou didst impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart;
 But, dearest Henry, thou'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
 Sighing sad, with pearly tears;
 Oft thy image is my theme,
 As I wander on the green:
 See from my cheek the colour flies,
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;
 For oh! dear Henry thou'st betray'd
 Thy love with thy dear cottage maid.

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow;
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
 too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
 too,

With a barn for the use of the flail;
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when my friend wants to borrow;
 I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Or the honours that wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, may my cot be com-
 pletely

Secured by a neighbouring hill,
 And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring rill.

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for years three-score and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this worn out old stuff, which is thread-bare to-day
May become everlasting to-morrow.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gathered sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine;
The Graces there were culling posies,
And found young Love among the roses.

Oh happy day! oh joyous hour!
Compose a wreath from every flower;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever;
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content to live among the roses.

Young Love among the roses, &c.

THE LAD THAT I LOVE.

The lad that I love no lassie shall know, oh! oh.
The path that he treads to no one I'll show, oh! oh!
His heart is all truth whenever we meet,
Then why should new faces e'er teach him deceit?
Oh, no, I will keep him and cherish him so, oh! oh.
That beauty herself sha'n't tempt him to go, oh! oh!

The church is hard by I very well know, oh! oh!
He showed me the door, and pressed my hand so,
oh! oh!

Love, honour, obey, are the words to be said,
And I'll say 'em and keep 'em whenever I wed,
That is, if I marry the man that I know, oh! oh!
If not, poor soul, I shall bother him so, oh! oh!

My fortune's my face, which I hope I may show,
oh! oh!

'Tis honest, and that is a treasure I know, oh! oh!
This poor little hand is all I can give,
And where I once pledge it, it ever shall live;
For the heart's in the hand I mean to bestow, oh! oh!
And hands are the gifts which make the heart glow
oh! oh!

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then wake! the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage his star-watch keeping, love;
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!
Then wake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MISERIES OF SATURDAY

There is no peace about the house,
In kitchen, parlour, hall,
There is no comfort in the house
On Saturday at all.
Where'er you turn, a noise assails
Of brushes, brooms, and mops;
Besides a host of pans and pails,
For various stinking slops.
Then there's rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,
sounding ev'ry way;
Of all the days throughout the week, the worst is
Saturday.

Hark! is that dread thunder near,
Or noisy drum and fife?
Oh, no, the music that I hear,
Is charwoman and wife!
Both laughing, scolding, talking, singing,
Gad! there's such a din,
That all Babel's workmen ringing,
Conquered, must give in—
To their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing, echo
ing ev'ry way;
Of all the days within the week, the worst is Satur-
day!

In apron blue now comes your belle,
And gown, well stored with holes;
For colour, it might passing well
Claim kindred with the coals.
Then, she says, "You know, my dear,
Some make their husbands rue,
By taking their good clothes to wear,
When any thing will do,
For their scrubbing, rubbing, wearing, tearing."—
Oh, curse them all, I say;
Of all the days throughout the week, the worst is
Saturday.

Begrimed with dust, with dirt, and grease,
She now sits down to dine ;
At banyan day, of bread and cheese,
You now must not repine ;
Your goods and chattels, now displaced,
All in confusion stand ;
Some are broke, and some defaced,
By each destructive hand,
With their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing,
sounding ev'ry way ;
Of all the days within the week, the worst is Saturday.

At length, thank fate ! the warfare's o'er,
But now, the peevish frump
Insists that all across the floor
We must hop, skip, and jump,
For fear the milk-white boards should soil,
Or furniture bewray ;
Ah ! wo to him that dares to spoil
The work of Saturday,
After rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing, all their
time away ;
Of all the days that make the week, the worst is
Saturday.

Then, to avoid a din and noise,
For rational delight,
We haste to join some jolly boys
On Saturday at night ;
When we're met, a jovial set,
We drive dull care away,
In harmony, we soon forget
The woes of Saturday,
And their rubbing, scrubbing, tearing, swearing, all
the live-long day ;
For the night of mirth will soon requite the woes of
Saturday.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger
Say, whither dost thou roam?
O'er this wide world a ranger,
Hast thou no friends or home?

'They called me blue-eyed Mary,
When friends and fortunes smiled;
But ah! how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrow's child.'

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot,
Still wet with vernal showers,
I'll buy, forget me not.

'Kind sir, then take these posies,
They're fading like my youth,
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.'

Look up, thou poor forsaken,
I'll give thee house and home,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Thou'lt never wish to roam.

'Once more I'm happy Mary,
Once more has fortune smiled;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.'

THE DE'IL CAM' FIDDLIN.

The de'il cam' fiddlin through the town,
And danced awa wi' the exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize man.
The de'il's awa wi' the exciseman,
He's danced awa, danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' the exciseman

We'll mak' our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh and sing and rejoice, man,
 And mony braw thanks to the muckle black de'il
 That danced awa wi' the exciseman.
 The de'il's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
 But the ae best dance e'er came to the land,
 Was The de'il's awa wi' the exciseman.
 The de'il's awa, &c.

UPROUSE YE, THEN, MY MERRY MEN

(A Gipsy Glee and Chorus.)

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hushed wind wails, with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray,
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.

Chorus.

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is ev'ry flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower;
 Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store;

Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day,
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as ye may.
Uprouse ye, then, &c.

THE MILD SEGAR.

A Parody on the Light Guitar.

Oh, leave the noisy, smoky scene,
The streets of glaring light,
And take a stroll to Turnham-green,
And we'll return at night.
Then as we watch the stages pass,
And hear their wheels afar;
Of grog we'll take a cheerful glass,
And smoke a mild segar.

I'll tell you how a maiden swooned,
And made a devilish din;
Her bottle fell upon the ground,
Was broke, and spill'd her gin.
I'll tell thee how a crowd drew nigh,
Who heard her screams afar;
And if my tale should prove too dry,
Why take a glass with your segar.

BEAUTIFUL MAID.

When absent from her, my soul holds most dear,
What medley of passions invade;
In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what
fear,
I endure for my beautiful maid.

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,
Or quit the gay throng for the shade,
Nor retirement, nor solitude yields me relief,
When away from my beautiful maid

ANSWER TO KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives near the lake of Killarney;
From her love beaming eye, what mortal can fly,
Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney.

That eye so seducingly meaning,
Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,
And I feel 'tis in vain, to fly from the chain
That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve, when I've seen this Kate Kearney,
On the flower mantled banks of Killarney,
Her smile would impart thrilling joy to my heart,
As I gazed on the charming Kate Kearney.

On the banks of Killarney reclining,
My bosom to rapture resigning,
I've felt the keen smart, of love's fatal dart,
And inhaled the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark?
Mak' haste, set by your wheel!
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava,
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the meikle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat:

And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw :
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare :
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw :
It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c

O gie me down my bigonets.
My bishop-satin gown ;
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town :
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue :
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speecn,
His breath's like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.

But what pats parting in my head?
 It may be far awa;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade be as
 bright;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty bold yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
 Who at Rere-cross or Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother she ask'd of his house and his home :
'Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the
hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'stands gallanter still :
'Tis the blue vaulted heaven, with its crescent so
pale,
And with all its bright spangles,' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone,
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone :
But loud on the morrow, their wail and their cry !
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAILED.

And has she then fail'd in her truth ?
The beautiful maid I adore ;
Shall I never again hear her voice,
Nor see her loved form any more ?
No, no, no, I never shall see her more.

Ah, Selima, cruel you prove,
Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail ;
I could not presume you would love,
Yet pity I hoped would prevail.

And since hatred alone I inspire,
Life henceforth is not worth my care,
Death now is my only desire,
I give myself up to despair.

AH NO! DEAREST, NO!

It is not where bright eyes are brightest,
Nor sweetest music wakes the tongue,
Nor where the bounding step is lightest,
A thousand gay compeers among.

"Tis not where beams the loveliest beauty
That round the heart a spell can throw,
Aught can of mine defeat the duty,
No, dearest, no! ah no! dearest, no!

It is not where the diamond trembles,
Beneath the proudly glittering dome,
Where pleasure all her train assembles,
And seeks the heart in vain a home,
A smile, a power, can e'er be given
That worship'd charm to overthrow,
That sheds o'er thee a grace of heaven,
No, dearest, no! ah no! dearest, no!

ANNA OF CONWAY.

When morn's ruddy blushes illumine the sky,
Away o'er the mountains I cheerfully hie,
To the fair, or the market, whiche'er it may be,
I care not, since Anna looks kindly on me,
Yes! Anna of Conway looks kindly on me.

As I push off my boat, when the evening is gray,
A supply to provide for the market next day,
O'er the fisherman's labours I whistle with glee,
Since Anna, sweet Anna, is watching for me,
Yes! Anna of Conway is watching for me.

Ere long, at the church, wedlock's knot will be tied
Then proudly I'll bear to our cottage my bride;
My bosom from care and anxiety free,
Since Anna, sweet Anna, smiles only for me,
Yes! Anna of Conway smiles only for me.

BONNIE WEE WIFE.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go, to the Birks of Aberfeldy?
Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Air,—Good morrow to your night-cap.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.
 It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But, gudesake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk.
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gien or taen before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teas'd before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be ;
But yet, it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair ;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye hae done before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet ;
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit ;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To prye their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
 But surely no before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
And when we're ane, bath flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph with bright and flowing hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

MERRILY DANCE ROUND THE MISSLETOE
TREE.

Come hither! come hither! the silver light
Of the moon shines cheerfully down to-night.
Come hither! for this is the season of glee,
Let us merrily dance round the missletoe tree.

Oh! welcome, thou plant of the sacred grove;
Thou innocent pledge of Druidical love!
I care not how distant the nymph may be,
So I have but a branch of the missletoe tree.

The missletoe tree has been hallowed before;
Be it thrice sacred now for the girl we adore;
When sanctioned, this pearl-berried plant of the
grove,
Will yield us the first virgin kiss of her love.

Come hither! then, come! while the moon shines
bright;
The heavens themselves beam out joy to-night.
Come hither! for this is the season of glee;
Let us merrily dance round the missletoe tree.

DESERTED BY DECLINING DAY.

Air,—All's Well.

Deserted by declining day,
When weary wights benighted stray
From bush or cavern we appear,
And scare the traveller's frightened ear,
With—stand or die—good night—all's well.

Or riding home from fair or feast,
Some farmer plodding o'er his beast;
His wit o'erlopp'd by humming ale,
While thus the joskins we assail:
Down every stiver quickly tell,
Your watch, your purse—good night—all's well.

DEAR NATIVE HOME.

Far o'er the wave, as morn's soft beam returning,
Slowly unveil'd the well-remember'd shore,
How swell'd my heart, with eager fancies burning,
Dreams of past joys, and hopes of priceless store!
Sweet home, receive me!

Faithful I come,
Never to leave thee,
Dear native home!

Vainly for me love's signal radiance bright'ning
Flamed from his altars o'er my truant way,—
Absent from thee—the summer's beauteous lightning
Less harmful play'd not round the fading day.
Sweet home, &c.

Cease, ye who sing the wand'rer's heartless pleasures!
Leave, leave my path!—no more, no more I roam;
Here lives a charm, worth all uncounted treasures—
Here breathes the sigh of welcome, welcome home!
Sweet home, &c.

DULCE DOMUM.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by travellers weary,
And long it proved the blest abode
Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he chased the mountain goat,
O'er alps and glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.
But ev'ning come,
He sought his home,
And anxious lovely woman,
She hail'd the sight,
And ev'ry night
The cottage rung,
As thus they sung:
Oh! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honour roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St Gothard's height he rush'd,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
He died his land defending.
The ev'ning come,
He sought not home,
Whilst she, distracted woman,
Grown wild with dread,
Now seeks him dead;
And hears the knell
That bids farewell
To dulce, dulce domum.

ENCOMPASSED IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame
An angel's virtues lay;
Too soon did heaven assert the claim,
And call'd its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Must never more return;
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
Ah, me!—my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined,
Which blest when her I knew?
Our hearts in sacred bonds entwined,
Were bound by love too true.
The rural train, which once we used
In festive dance to turn,
So pleased when Anna they amused,
Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast,
'To part with thee is all my pain?'
She cried—then sunk to rest.

While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, lost to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my soul—now she is dead,
Concentres in her urn.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, love and friendship, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run.
Thou grim king of terrors! thou life's gloomy foe!
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strikest the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strikest the young hero, a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands.
Our home and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not die with the brave?

ERE BRIGHT ROSINA MET MY EYES.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day;
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sport can please;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blasted by the lightning's power,
Nor charms the eye nor shades the swain.

HERE'S THE BOTTLE.

Here's the bottle she loved so much,
And here's the glass she drank from,
Here's the max her lips oft touch'd,
The stuff they never shrank from
Herrings lie unheeded by,
Where's the hand to gut them?
Mackerel here neglected lie,
Where's the throat to hoot them?

Max is good, but she I loved
Ne'er shall taste its sweetness;
Her lips that once so fleetly moved,
Now have lost their fleetness.
Gallons were pots when here she strayed,
Pots were pints to her muzzle,
Heaven ne'er formed a drunker maid,
A maid so fond of guzzle.

HAME FRAE THE WARS.

Hame frae the wars, broken, friendless, and poor,
Hame frae the wars, to my Scotland I came;
I saw my dear cabin just o'er the lang muir,
I stood in the gate—but I found not a hame.
Oh! 'twas desolate a'—an' the smile o' my dearie
Nae langer shone there, darting love through the
breast;
Nae bosom o' truth for the wounded and wearie,
Nae lips of affection to sweeten my rest.

No! my wife and my wean i' the cauld grave are
sleeeping,
And thou, oh! my Scotland, art hameless to me.
The heart o' my love brake wi' wailing and weeping,
Ance sae warm, now 'tis chill—oh! as mine soon
may be!
Then I'll e'en lay me down by my hearthstane de-
serted,
And dream o' my love in the land o' the leal;
Death, death will befriend the forlorn, broken-hearted,
And heal the deep wound that time never can heal

HE IS GONE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest:
The font reappearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn-winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone—and for ever!

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud away hame :
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bringest me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears to my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Waken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

I AM A FRIAR.

I am a friar of orders gray,
And down the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
My long beadroll I merrily chant,
Where'er I walk no money I want.
And why I'm so plump, the reason I tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron, or 'squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper of heaven I dream;
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream:
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin;
With old sack wine I'm lined within.
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong.
 What baron, or 'squire, &c.

THIS LOVE—HOW IT PLAGUES ME.

Words by D. Weir.

This love, how it plagues me, young Ellen did say
As she sat at her wheel, on a fine summer's day;
Before I saw Sandy I rose with the lark,
And as merrily sang frae the morning till dark;
But now, when I'm singing, he comes in my mind,
Tho' he's neither before me, not yet is behind:
O love, do you plague ilka body like me,
For Sandy ne'er promised a lover to be?

Wi' me at the gloaming we've wander'd alane,
And at kirk, and at market, wi' me he has gane;
He speaks not of love, but he's blithe when we meet,
Nor allows me to pass unobserv'd in the street.

Be still then, my heart, let my wheel go its round.
 For mother will wonder what's come o' thy sound,
 I needna be jealous, for why should I be,
 Since Sandy ne'er promised his true love to me.

While Ellen was musing, the door it flew wide,
 In a moment young Sandy was down by her side;
 I'm come, my dear Ellen, you mauna say nay,
 To ask you to wed me, and Tuesday's the day;
 Your mother's consented, O now my love speak,—
 Yet she said not a word, and pale grew her cheek;
 At length with a smile, and the tear in her e'e,
 She clung to his bosom, and said, 'It will be.'

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

A DUET.

Words by Sir W. Scott.—Arranged by Parry.

Love wakes and weeps
 While Beauty sleeps!
 O for Music's softest numbers,
 To prompt a theme,
 For Beauty's dream,
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!
 Through groves of palm,
 Sigh gales of balm,
 Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
 While through the gloom,
 Comes soft perfume,
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.
 O wake and live!
 No dream can give
 A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that Love is telling.

MAN THE BROTHER OF MAN.

Let the epicure boast the delight of his soul,
In the high-season'd dish, and the rich flowing bowl;
Can they give such true joys as benevolence can,
Or as charity feels when it benefits man?
Let him know the kind impulse that suffers with grief,
Let him taste the delight of affording relief,
Let him serve the great Author of Nature's great plan,
Who design'd man to act as the brother of man!
Though deceiv'd by a friend, let him see what he'll
gain,
When the impulse of anger he learns to restrain;
Though great the offence, oh! forgive if you can,
For revenge is a monster disgraceful to man.
Think the chapter of life oft reverses the scene,
And the rich man becomes what the poor man has
been;
Think that chapter must end, for but short is the span
That will give us the power to benefit man.

SHE SANG, BUT AFRAID OF HER OWN
SWEET VOICE.

Words by D. Weir.—Music by F. W. Crouch.

She sung—but afraid of her own sweet voice,
Each note of the music all tremblingly came;
And it stole o'er the heart like the winds that rejoice,
When the flow'rets of summer are breathing the
same.
O was it the music with soft flowing swell,
That spoke to her heart and awaken'd the sigh?
Ah! no, it was love, and her blushes might tell,
That she trembled to sing, for her lover was nigh
Love's bondage is strong—but as delicate too,
And hearts that are fondest are soonest afraid;

Love shrinks from the gaze like the bird from our view,

That sings the night long in the depths of the shade.
Like the nightingale, too, young Ellen could sing,
And as sweet would the notes of her witchery tell
But charn'd with its sweetness Love flutter'd his wing
While she sigh'd, and she blushed, tho' she warbled
so well.

CUPID'S VISIT.

Words by Weir.—Music by F. W. Crouch.

Love, wand'ring thro' the rain,
Came to my cottage door;
He ask'd but to remain
Until the storm was o'er.
His bow he laid aside;
He said his darts were gone;
And oft he deeply sigh'd,
And wish'd to travel on.

The moon at length grew bright;
The storms no longer blew;
He rose and bade good night,
And with a smile withdrew.
Next day my heart was sad,
Nor could I e'er forget
The mournful look he had
When at the door we met.

The smile at parting too,
Had something sweet and kind;
And as the boy withdrew,
His image stay'd behind.
And ever since that hour,
When loud's the wind and rain,
I watch my cottage door,
In hopes he'll come again

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.
This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee.

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak:
I shall not raise my eyes to heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

MY EARLY LOVE.

My early love! I'll think on thee,
When evening seeks its crimson throne,
Sweet hour! which gentle memory
Delights to consecrate her own;
Ah! then thy cherish'd image clings
To all I meet, or hear, or see,
And twilight's breeze, like music, brings
Thy voice of gladness back to me.

Friendship's young bloom may pass away,
As dreams depart the sleeper's mind;
The hopes of life's maturer day
May fade, and leave no trace behind;
But early love can never die,
That fairest bud of spring's bright years,
"Twill still look green in memory,
When time all other feeling sears.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Ah! say not thou art lonely now,
While I am by thy side!
Nor hope that smiles would light thy brow
Won by a new-made Bride!

Oh stay! till time its balm hath pour'd,
And pass'd with healing wing
O'er our wrung hearts, ere to our board
That stranger thou shalt bring!

Here are the birds she used to love,
The flow'rs she used to tend;
There hangs the web her fingers wove,
Where varied colours blend.

The open book, the vacant chair,
The now forsaken lute,
Tho' voiceless, tell thee "she was there"—
Is mem'ry only mute?—

Look on her semblance,—'tis the shield
That next my heart I bear:
And ask thy love if it could yield,
Another's chains to wear?

Gaze on that meek, upbraiding brow,
Where heav'n its seal has set;
Then go,—and if thou canst allow
Thy bosom to forget—

Thou wilt not, Father! no, I see
The orphan's pray'r is won,
Thou wilt not link our destiny
With that ungentle one!

No! by the tear that gems thine eye,
'This long and dear embrace,
I feel the child will still supply
The mother's vacant place!

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

Air,—Is there a heart that never loved.

Is there a man that never sigh'd
To set the prisoner free?
Is there a man that never prized
The sweets of liberty?
Then let him, let him breathe unseen,
Or in a dungeon live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a heart so cold in man,
Can galling fetters crave?
Is there a wretch so truly low,
Can stoop to be a slave?
O, let him, then, in chains be bound,
In chains and bondage live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

Is there a breast so chilled in life,
Can nurse the coward's sigh?
Is there a creature so debased,
Would not for freedom die?
O, let him, then, be doom'd to crawl
Where only reptiles live;
Nor never, never know the sweets
That liberty can give.

BOLD AND TRUE.

O Bold and True,
In bonnet blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word;
Whose hand was faithful to his sword:—
Seek Europe wide from sea to sea.
But bonny Blue-cap still for me.

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance-
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Unrivall'd with the sword and lance—
Have seen the sons of England true,
Wield the brown bill, and bend the yew:
Search France the fair, and England free,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

SONG TO THE LADYBIRD.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
The field mouse is gone to her nest;
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
The glow-worm is lighting her lamp;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Good luck if you reach it at last,
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam.
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
The fairy-bells tinkle afar,
Make haste, or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast,
With a cobweb to Oberon's car!

SEE! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

See! the conquering hero comes;
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance;
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance,
Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brows divine.

MY HEART IS THINE.

Ask not why it is I love thee,
Why?—Why is heaven divine?
I only know I cannot tell thee,
But my heart, my heart is thine.
Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh?
Why cease, why cease the stars to shine?
I cannot solve, I know not why,
But my heart, my heart is thine.
Why loves the breeze at noon to sigh?
Why cease, why cease the stars to shine?
I cannot solve, I know not why,
But my heart, my heart is thine.

Though others smile with kindness on me,
This heart, this heart alone is thine,
Its every pulse an off'ring to thee,
So hallowed is its shrine.
The sun will hold his onward course,
Thus does my love, my love incline
To thee, and nought on earth can force
My heart, my heart from being thine.

In vain thou bidst me to forget thee,
Death will first, will first be mine—
E'en then my flitting soul shall bless thee,
For my heart, my heart is thine.
Each thought that haunts my fever'd brain,
From love's first dawn is thine, is thine,
And this the latest, breathes again
That my heart, my heart is thine.

WELCOME ME HOME.

Gaily the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
When he was hastening home from the war
Singing, 'From Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him, when others slept,
Singing, 'In search of thee, would I might roam,
Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home.'

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour, breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came,
Singing, 'From Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

LOVE IN THE HEART.

What is it that drives the red rose from the cheek,
Or the lily displace, by blushes that speak?
That dims the bright beam by a tear in the eye,
That checks the young smile by the murm'ring sigh?
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart,
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

What bids the soul the emotion declare,
By the glance of an eye, when the lips do not dare?
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart,
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

And what, when its meaning another can guess,
Emboldens the tongue the fond thought to express?
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart,
 'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

ALKNOMOOK.

The sun sets at night and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when the light fades away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why so slow! do you wait till I shrink from my pain?
No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away;

Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain,
And thy son, oh! Alknomook, has scorn'd to com-
plain.

BURIAL OF SIR THOMAS MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet or shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on.
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone;
But we left him alone in his glory.

MERRILY BOUNDS THE BARK.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The mountain breeze from Binnadarch
Is joyous in her sail.

With fluttering sound, like laughter hoarse
The cords and canvass strain;
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chase her course,
As if they laugh'd again.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
O'er the broad ocean driven;
Her path by Ronin's mountain dark,
The steersman's hand has given.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So flies the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

They paused not at Columbia's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toil:
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billow's roll.

THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested

A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implored her to marry;
She blush'd like the dawning of morn;
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.
No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
I plant in that bosom a thorn.

MY HIGHLAND HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy hills are crown'd with driven snow
And ice-bound are thy brooks;
But colder far the Scotsman's heart,
However far he roam.

To whom these words no joy impart,—
My native Highland home.

Then gang with me to Scotland, dear,
We ne'er again will roam;
And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer
My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;
The cushat dove, within the dell,
Invites to peace and love:
For blithesome is the face of day,
And sweet's the bonnie broom;
And pure the dimpling rills that play
Around my Highland home.

Then gang with me to Scotland, &c.

THE MULETEER.

Soon as the sun his early ray
Across the misty mountain flings;
The Muleteer now takes his way,
And merrily thus he sweetly sings:
Oh haste, my mules, we must not creep,
Nor saunter on so slow;
Our journey's long, the mountain steep,
We've many a league to go.

At fall of eve, his labour o'er,
He homeward hastes, and sings with glee;
My mules, speed to my cottage door,
For there my Lilla waits for me.
Speed on, my mules, the sun sets fast,
The shades of night I see;
There's many a league yet to be pass'd,
And Lilla waits for me.

THE MULETEER'S RETURN.

'Tis night—where strays my muleteer?
Ah! why does he from Lilla roam?
For well he knows my heart is drear,
When he is from his mountain home;
But, soft! what music greets mine ear?
What strain comes o'er the dell?
Oh! joy to me, the night-winds bear
The sound of distant bell.

Oh! speed ye, mules, the queen of night
Hath kiss'd the sparkling mountain rills,
And spread her fairest robes of light,
To guide ye o'er the dreary hills.
'They come! they come! their tramp I hear,
Their weary forms I see,
And soon they'll bear my muleteer
In joy again to me.

PIRATE'S SONG.

Oh! lady, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea;
My ship's a palace, my deck's a throne,
And all shall be thine, love, the sun shines on.
Then lady, &c.

A gallant ship and a boundless sea,
A piping wind, and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing so bright and fast.
Then, lady, &c.

Raven locks are worth Java's Isle,
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile?
The glories of sea and the splendour of land,
They all shall be thine for the wave of thy hand.
Then, lady, &c.

THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL KNIGHT.

'Oh! list to my lay,' said a minstrel gray,
As he paused at a baron's proud hall,
The lord said 'Nay,' the lady said 'Aye,'
But fair Emmeline spoke not at all.
Then a strain he sung, till the castle walls rung,
For his voice had wondrous power;
And sweet was the tale, as the summer eve's gale
When it kisses the sleeping flower.

'In the holy land, on king Richard's right hand,
Fought one for his lady-love;
By a father's pride his suit was denied,
But vows are recorded above.'
Fair Emmeline listen'd, until her eye glisten'd
With trembling yet sweet surprise;
For the minstrel, she knew, was her Leoline true,
Though shrouded in dim disguise!

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Oh! not when hopes are brightest,
Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
Oh! not when hearts are lightest,
Is all fond woman's fervour shown:
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,
And the cold world is clothed in gloom;
When summer friends forsake us,
The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour,
That lures astray with treach'rous spark;
Love is no transient taper,
That lives an hour and leaves us dark:
But, like the lamp that lightens
The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
The bosom's home it brightens,
When all beside is chill below.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD'S LAY.

Oh! roam with me o'er distant hills,
When day is in the west;
And when upon the mountain rills,
The twilight sinks to rest.
When listening echo leaves her cell,
And wanders on her way;
Or when she bears o'er hill and dell,
The mountain shepherd's lay.

For wild and simple though it be,
That strain of joy can tell,
And bring in memory back to me,
The hours I loved so well;
When hopes were young and hearts were warm,
And one with me would stray,
And hear, at eve, in storm or calm,
The mountain shepherd's lay.

THE FIDDLER BOY.

Air,—The Minstrel Boy.

The Fiddler's Boy to the fair is gone,
In a rattling booth you'll find him,
With his master's fiddle (for his own's in pawn)
In a green bag slung behind him.
'House of Malt,' says the fuddling elf,
'Though all the world despise thee,
One fiddler is left, and will spend his last pelf,
One fiddler will still patronize thee.'

The fiddler drank till it got quite late,
And the table he fell under;
His fiddle was broke by the fall and weight,
And the catgut torn asunder.
Says he, 'No one shall ever know
Thy sounds which did so 'cord well,'
So he smack'd across his knee the bow,
Then went to sleep and snored well.

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS.

When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else are near them.
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping.

Oh! softest is the cheek's love ray,
When seen by moonlight flowers,
Other roses seek the day,
But blushes are night hours.
When the moon and stars are bright,
When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
Then should ladies listen.

P

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A Sequel to Black-Eyed Susan.

The moon had burst the clouds of heaven,
When Susan sought the wreck-strewn shore,
By grief and woe her bosom riven,
Her shipwreck'd William to deplore :
While gazing on the watery waste,
A floating form her eye descried,
And the next heaving billow placed
Her lover by the maiden's side.

"Susan, for thee the storm I braved,
While angry surges round me roar'd,
And see, by bounteous mercy saved,
Thy sailor to thine arms restored !"
His well-known voice her fears beguiled,
His glowing kiss her sorrows dried ;
And the next morning's sunbeams smiled
On Susan as her William's bride !

THE PLAIN GOLD RING

He was a chief of low degree,
A lady high and fair was she !
She dropp'd a ring,—he raised the gem,
'Twas rich as eastern diadem !
'Nay, as your mistress' trophy, take
The toy, when next a lance you break.'
He to the tourney rode away,
And bore off glory's wreath that day.

How did his ardent bosom beat,
When, hastening to that lady's feet,
'The wreath and ring he proudly laid ;
But, 'Keep them, youth,' that lady said,
'Nay, gem so rich I may not wear,
Howe'er return a gift so rare.'
'Dear youth, a *plain gold ring*,' she sigh'd,
'From you were worth the world beside.'

WAKE! LADY, WAKE!

Wake! lady, wake! the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless night of June;
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which, in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies.

The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining in this world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes!

Then wake! lady, wake!

Wake! lady, wake! the nightingale
Sings to the moon her love-lorn tale,
Now doth the brook that's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs soft rejoice;
The leaves the midnight winds have stirr'd,
Are whisp'ring many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice!

Then wake! lady, wake!

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And we're a' noddin, at our house at hame:
When the dame's awa' it's the time to play,
And the lads love lasses and the lasses love lads too
Kate sits in the nuke, with her laddie so true,
And the carle tak' ye a', for ye're a' noddin too.
And we're a' noddin, &c.

We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
And we're a' noddin, at our house at hame:
And how d'ye do, kimmer, and how d'ye thrive,
And how many bairns ha' ye? Kimmer, I ha' five
And are they a' at hame? Oh! na, na, na,
Twa others with Willie far awa.

And we're a' noddin, &c.

WHEN THE EVENING STAR IS PEEPING.

When the evening star is peeping
Over every vale and dell,
Then we Fairies watch are keeping
In the dew-clad flow'ret's bell.
When the merry chimes are ringing,
When the moon shines o'er the lake,
Then our voices' tuneful singing,
Steals like magic through the brake.
When the evening star, &c.

When the dew drops from the flower,
When the sun sinks in the west,
When at silent midnight hour
All the busy world's at rest:
Then we roam at large, with pleasure,
Frisking in the moonbeam's gleam,
To the lute's soft dulcet measure,
Near the rippling silver stream.
When the evening star, &c.

CAPTAIN BELL.

When you took lodgings in my neat first floor,
And your regiment first marched into town;
Before I had seen your sweet face half an hour
I lent you, my jewel, half a crown,
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!
'Tis yourself that knows well how to borrow
And you put off the people so well,
With your 'Call and I'll pay you to-morrow,'
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

And when you treated us all to the play
Did I not lend you the cash?
And when you ask'd us to come and drink *tay*
My plated *tay*-pot cut the dash,
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

'Tis not for my *tay*-pot I sorrow,
Though I know it is safe mighty well,
I beg you'll return it to-morrow,
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

But if a rich widow would lie in your way,
'Tis myself, Widow Brady, 's your *man*;
You shall live at free quarters, with nothing to pay
Come, fellow me that if you can,
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!
'Tis better to marry than borrow,
And although you may think you're a swell,
You must settle my bill, sir, to-morrow
Captain Bell! Captain Bell!

BRING FLOWERS.

By Mrs Hemans.

Bring flowers, young flowers, to the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd.
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back;
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track;
The turf looks red where he won the day;—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye,
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild
flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair:
She is leaving the home of her childish mirth;
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers, for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this, through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this, in the woods was the violet nursed.
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale
flowers.

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer;
They are nature's offering, their place is there.
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours;
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bring
flowers!

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The rose will cease to blow,
The eagle turn a dove;
The stream will cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love,
Ere I will cease to love,
Ere I will cease to love.
The stream will cease to flow,
Ere I will cease to love.

The sun will cease to shine,
The world will cease to move,
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love.
Ere I will cease to love,
Ere I will cease to love.
The stars their light resign,
Ere I will cease to love.

OH NO, I NEVER MENTIONED IT.

Air,—Oh no, I'll never mention him.

Oh no, I never mention'd it,
I never said a word;
But lent my friend my five pound note,
Of which—I never heard!
He said he borrowed it
'To pay another debt—
And since I've never *mentioned* it,
He thinks that I *forget*!

Whene'er we ride, I pays the 'pike;
I settles every treat;
He rides my cob—he drives my cob—
But *cuts me* when we meet!
My new umbrell' I lent him too,
One night 'twas very wet;
Though *he* forgets it ne'er came back,
Ah me—I don't forget!

To Sally Sims, my own true love,
Few visits can I pay:
But think how *kind* my friend behaves,
He calls on her each day!
By him I've sent rich pearls and rings,
With fruit and flowers a lot:
The *fruit* and *flowers* came safe to hand,
The rest—my friend *forgot*!

Sometimes I treats Miss to the play,
And, what I can't abide,
Is when *I* just sits down by her
My friend's at t' *other side*.
Such whisp'ring and such quizzing too,
They keep, to make me fret;—
I know 'tis only 'make believe,'
But still I can't forget.

‘A friend in need’s a friend indeed,’
 This *I* have found quite true :
 For mine is such a *needy friend*,
 He sticks to me like glue!
 We’re like, they say—for oft have I
 Been taken for—his debts:
 He makes so free with *me* and *mine*,
Himself he quite—forgets!

THE DENOUNCED.

Air,—*Where shall the lover rest.*

We never breathe his name,
 Like the departed;
 His memory’s dead to fame,
 Traitor! false hearted!
 He is to us, a thing
 Painful to number,
 O’er him oblivion’s wing
 Broods in dark slumber.

We never breathe his name,
 Like the departed;
 His memory’s dead to fame;
 Traitor! false hearted!
 He should have been a light
 Shining to bless us,
 But proved the storm and blight
 Sent to distress us.

NO MORE BY SORROW.

No more by sorrow chased, my heart
 Shall yield to fell despair;
 Now joy repels the envenom’d dart,
 And conquers every care.
 So in our woods the hunted boar
 On nature’s strength relies:
 The forests echo with his roar,
 In turn the hunter dies.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

Air,—Let me in this ae night.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me with cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

THE LAND OF LOVE AND LIBERTY.

Air,—Rule Britannia.

Hail, great republic of the world!
The rising empire of the west;
When fain'd Columbus' mighty mind impress'd
Gave Europe's sons a place of rest.
Be thou for ever, ever blest and free,
The land of love and liberty.

Beneath thy spreading mantling vines,
Beside thy flowery groves and springs,
And on thy lofty, lofty mountains' brow,
May all thy sons and fair ones sing,
Be thou for ever, &c.

From thee may future nations learn,
To prize the cause thy sons began;
From thee may future, future tyrants know,
That sacred are the rights of man.
Be thou for ever, &c.

Of thee may sleeping infancy
The pleasing wondrous story tell;
And patriot sage, in venerable mood,
Instruct the world to govern well.
Be thou for ever, &c.

May guardian angels watch around,
From harm protect these new-born states,
And aill ye friendly, friendly nations join,
And thus salute the child of fate.

Be thou for ever, &c.

TOO MANY LOVERS.

Young Susan had lovers so many that she
Hardly knew upon which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely and promised to be
So worthy of such a sweet bride.
In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then
The noon would be spent with young Harry,
The evening with John, so amongst all the men
She never could tell which to marry.
Heigho! heigho! I'm afraid,
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous and so went away,
And Harry got tired of wooing;
And John having teased her to fix on the day,
Received only frowns for so doing.
So amongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She wept every night on her pillow;
And meeting, one day, a pair going to church,
'Turn'd away, and died under a willow.
Heigho! heigho! I'm afraid, &c.

THE LILY OF NITHSDALE.

She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwell in heaven,
'Ye're owre pure,' quo' a voice aboon,
'For dwelling out o' heaven.'

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her own thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved of a', my lassie ;
She was beloved o' a' ;
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
And took her frae us a'.

Low there she lies, my lassie,
Low there she lies.
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise.

There's nought but dust now mine, my lassie,
There's nought but dust now mine ;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld grave
An' why should I stay behin' ?

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye ;
An' a lovelier sight in the brow o' heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddie and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddie and calm ;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

O LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

O listen, listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.
The primrose sweet bedecks the field,
The tuneful birds invite to rove,
To softer joys let splendour yield :
O listen, listen to the voice of Love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne, let us fondly stray,
Where whisp'ring Love breathes forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay :
O listen, listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys.
Then listen, listen to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

THE BONNY SLEIGH.

Air,—The bonny boat.

O swiftly glides the bonny sleigh,
Just parted from the door,
With jingling bells and horses' neigh,
The snow dash'd up before.
This pleasure now, and happy cheer
Are much enjoy'd indeed;
With blooming belles 'o us so dear,
To Laurel Hill we'll speed.
We cast our lines upon the rails,
Where snow had drifted wide;
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
Were all then laid aside:
Then happy proved the merry dance
Upon the mansion floor;
While wine and cider mull'd and warm,
Came in at every door.

The skaters on the ice may sing,
Whilst all around they charm;
But we prefer the sleigh bell's ring,
When all wrapp'd up so warm:
It safely bears its lovely store
Through many a stormy gale;
Whilst joyful shouts from half a score,
Our merry party hail.
We cast our lines upon the rails,
Where snow had drifted wide;
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,
Were all then laid aside:

Then happy prov'd the jolly folks,
With ne'er a sigh nor care :
We'll now return and crack some jokes,
Where all our treasures are.

New near the city we are come,
The lamps I plainly see :
From the good dame we left at home,
Our welcome warm will be :
The well known shout, and sleigh bells' ri
Seem echoing in her ears ;
Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,
She'll soon forget her fears.
We'll cast our lines upon the post,
That stands before the door,
And then we'll all our fingers toast,
And sleigh a little more.
Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt
Upon the wintry plain ;
I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,
If snow don't turn to rain.

THE AMERICAN STAR.

Come, strike the bold anthem, the war dogs are
howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up their prey,
The red clouds of war o'er our forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping
away ;
The infants, affrighted, cling close to their mothers,
The youth grasp their swords, for the combat pre-
pare,
While beauty weeps fathers, and lovers and brothers,
Who rush to display the American Star

Come blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar ;
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore :

Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters left
weeping,

Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair!
Oh no! from her hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,
And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect
serene;

Come, soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing they'll see us as they once have been,
To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,
To speed the glad tidings of liberty far;
Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,
And vanquish them by the American Star.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, round liberty's
altar,

United we swear by the souls of the brave!
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the grave!

Then, freemen, fill up—Lo! the striped banner's
flying,

The high bird of liberty screams through the air;
Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—
Success to the beaming American Star.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

Begone, dull care, I pray thee begone from me;
Begone, dull care, thou and I shalt never agree;
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But, i'faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man look grey;
And too much care will turn an old man to clay,
My wife shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.

HARK! THE BONNY CHRIST CHURCH
BELLS.—A *Catch*.

Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six;
They sound so woundy great,
So wond'rous sweet,
And they trol so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,
That every day at four and ten
Cries, come to prayers,
And the verger troops before the dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the devil a man
Will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' old lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

And there's a hand, my trustie feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine:
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a drop o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour:
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender:
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh.
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness;
Every flower of life declineth,
Wearily oh! wearily oh
Wearily, wearily, &c.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sighed in slavery;
Round the flag of freedom rally,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Cheerily, cheerily &c

YOUR LOT IS FAR ABOVE ME.

Your lot is far above me,
I dare not be your bride;
To know that you have loved me,
Will wound your father's pride.
Go, woo some high-born lady,
And he will bless your choice;
Alas! too long already,
I've listen'd to your voice.

Oh! may your grief be fleeting,
Go seek the halls of mirth;
Dread not a future meeting,
We ne'er shall meet on earth.
Though o'er love's passing vision,
These tears of anguish flow;
Doubt not the stern decision
Of her who bids you go.

These tears are not intended
As lures to make you stay,
I wish they were not blended
With all you hear me say.
Go! would you ne'er had sought me,
'Tis hard so young to die;
But, 'twas your kindness taught me,
To raise my hopes so high.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Where are you going, my pretty maid ?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said ;
May I go with you, my pretty maid ?
It's just as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid ?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said ;
Then I will marry you, my pretty maid ;
It's not as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said ;
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid
Nobody ask'd you, sir, she said.

WELCOME MOTHER !

Welcome, Mother ! now I greet thee,
Can I all my feelings tell ?
How this heart has long'd to meet thee,
Since my lips breath'd out "farewell !"
Welcome, Mother ! while I press thee
Fondly to my youthful heart,
Ev'ry word I speak will bless thee,
While I know how dear thou art.

Welcome, Mother ! I have often
Traced thine image in my dreams ;
Memory's touch the spell would soften,
Dressing life in golden beams.
Lone, forsaken—'midst the smiling,
Longing for some absent one,
I have stood—one thought beguiling,
'Twas the thought of thee, alone.

Welcome, Mother ! life's before me,
Days of sunshine and of tears,

Yet, with thy fond guidance o'er me
 Joy may smile in after years.
 I have cherish'd—dearly cherish'd,
 All the lessons given me;
 Every prayer my bosom nourish'd,
 Has been fraught with love to thee.

"T'WAS YOU, SIR.—A *Glee*.

'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir,
 I tell you nothing new, sir,
 'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl,
 'Twas you, sir, you;
 'Tis true, sir, 'tis true, sir,
 You look so very blue, sir,
 I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,
 'Tis true, sir, true;
 Oh, sir, no, sir,
 How can you wrong me so, sir?
 I did not kiss the pretty girl—
 But I know who.

WEBER'S LAST THOUGHTS.

I'm pending o'er a stranger's hearth, alone in my
 decay,
 My childhood's home, my father land, is distant far
 away.
 I strive to chase the gloomy grief, which darkens oft
 my mind,
 When I recall the cloudless hopes which I have left
 behind
 Oh! painfully and wearily, unbidden tears *will* start,
 Sad though 'tis like these throw discord o'er the music
 of my heart.
 Some light and lively melody now rushes to my brain,
 My solitude enlivening, once cheering me again.
 But ah! my home, my absent friends! this damps my
 moment's mirth,
 My pulse grows weak, my half form'd smile is
 wither'd in its birth.

I cannot throw from off my soul its preying load of
grief,
Some plaintive strain may ease its weight, and grant
a short relief;
But transient is my spirit's calm, as slumber on the
lake,
Whose rest a single falling leaf will agitate and
wake.
Though strangers have been kind to me, and I have
press'd their hand,
I pray to live, that I may die in my own native land.
Farewell to all whom I have left, I quit you with a
sigh,
Farewell, my stream of life ebbs fast, its source is
nearly dry.
I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth. alone in my
decay,
My childhood's home, my father land, is distant far
away.

KATHLEEN O'MOORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new;
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen
My Kathleen O'Moore.

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir,
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'Moore.

She sat by the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow, and look at the moon;
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen
My Kathleen O'Moore.

O cold was the night breeze that sigh'd round her
 bower,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she drooped from that
 hour,
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'Moore.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,
 Is the robin that in the church-yard builds its nest,
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on
 Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'Moore.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquhither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mong bonnie Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
 I will range through the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear shealing ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
A' the moorland perfuming!
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from my soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It would not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me:
Since then, it grows, and looks, and smells,
Not of itself, but thee.

BILLY, LET'S THANK PROVIDENCE THAT YOU AND I ARE SAILORS.

One night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid, and said to
Billy Bowling,
A strong sow-wester's blowing, Billy, can't you hear
it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on
shore now!

Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns, what dangers
they are all in!

And now they're quaking in their beds for fear the
roof should fall in.

Poor creatures, how they envies us, and wishes, I've
a notion,

For our good luck, in such a storm, to be upon the
ocean.

Then as to them kept out all day on business from
their houses,

And, late at night, are walking home to cheer their
babes and spouses,

While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying,
My eyes, what tiles and chimney-pots about their
heads are flying!

And often have we seamen heard how men are killed
or undone

By overturns in carriages, and thieves, and fires, in
London;

We've heard what risks all landsmen run, from no
blemen to tailors,

So, Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are
sailors.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,

A wee before the sun gaed down,

My lassie wi' a braw new gown

Came o'er the hill to Gowrie.

The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning showers

Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers,

But Kitty was the fairest flower

That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,

But round her waist my arms I flang,

And said, 'My lassie, will ye gang

To view the Carse o' Gowrie?

I'll take ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
'I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.'
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

DINNA FORGET.

Dinna forget, laddie! dinna forget!
Ne'er make me rue that we ever have met!
Wide though we sever, parted for ever,
Willie, when far awa dinna forget!

We part, and it may be, we meet never mair;
Yet my heart, as in hope, will be true in despair;
And the sigh of remembrance, the tear of regret,
For thee will be frequent, then dinna forget!

When the star o' the gloamin' is beaming above,
Think how oft it hath lighted the tryst of our love.
Oh! deem it an angel's ee heaven hath set,
To watch thee, to warn thee, sae dinna forget!

THE FLOWING BOWL.

Bring me, boy, a flowing bowl,
Deep and spacious as the sea;
Then shall every noble soul,
Drink and fathom it with me.
While we revel in delight,
E'er to part would be a sin,
And since care is put to flight,
Drink and fill the bowl again.

Let the hoary miser toil,
We such sordid views despise ;
Give us wine and beauty's smile—
There each glowing rapture lies.
While we revel, &c.

Care! thou bane of every joy,
To some distant region fly ;
Here reigns Bacchus, jolly boy ;—
Hence! old greybeard—hence! and die
White good humour is afloat,
Here to part would be a sin ;
Let us sail in pleasure's boat—
Drink and fill the bowl again.

DAME DURDEN.—A *Glee*.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
To carry the milking-pail ;
She also kept five labouring men,
To wield the spade and flail :
'Twas Moll and Bet,
And Doll and Kate,
And Dorothy Draggletail ;
And John and Dick,
And Joe and Jack,
And Humphry with his flail ;
'Twas John kissed Molly,
And Dick kissed Betty,
And Joe kissed Dolly,
And Jack kissed Kitty,
And Humphrey with his flail ;
And Kitty she was a charming girl to carry the milk-
ing-pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call,
To rouse her servant maids and men
She then began to bawl.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate.
Dame Durden's servant-maids and men
They all began to mate.
'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

WHERE'S THE SNOW.

*Written by Miss L. E. Landon, and Sung by Madame
Malibran.*

Where's the snow, the summer snow
On the lovely lily flower?
Where the hues the sun-set shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour?
Where's the gold, the pure bright gold,
O'er the young laburnum flung?
And the fragrant sighs that breath'd
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?
Gone, gone, they all are gone.

Youth where is thine open brow?
What has quell'd thine eagle eye?
Where's the freshness of thy cheek?
And thy dark hair's raven dye?
Where's the crimson banner now?
Where's thine eager step and sword?
Where's thine hour of dreamless sleep?
Where frank jest and careless word?
Gone, gone, they all are gone.

Where's the lighted hall, and where
All that made its midnight gay?
Where's the music of the harp?
And the minstrel's knightly lay?
Where's the graceful saraband?
Where's the lamp of starry light?
Where the vases of bright flowers?
Where the blushes yet more bright?
Gone, gone, they all are gone.

WERT THOU LIKE ME.—ANNOT LYLE'S
SONG.

Words by Sir W. Scott.—Music by Miss E. Flower.

Wert thou like me, in life's low vale,
With thee how blest that lot I'd share,
With thee I'd fly wherever gale
Could waft, or bounding billows bear.
But, parted by severe decree,
Far different must our fortunes prove;
May thine be joy!—enough for me
To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmur shall reveal,
No selfish murmurs e'er shall own.
Nor will I through life's weary years,
Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my foolish tears
May wound the heart of him I love.

FAIR ROSE HAS CHARMS ALONE FOR ME.

They say my heart is not sincere,
And fickle as the moon, my mind;
Perhaps to some I may appear
Inconstant as the sportive wind:
But oh! when Rosa deigns to smile,
No other eye has charms for me.
My wav'ring thoughts her looks beguile,
To rove, I feel no longer free!
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;
Fair Rose alone has charms for me

I do not sigh in shady groves,
I ramble not by purling streams;
But love to be where beauty moves,
And where the star of pleasure gleams.
But oh! when Rosa deigns, &c.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Written by Lady Anne Barnard.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at
hame,

And a' the warld to sleep are gane ;

The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,

While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for
his bride ;

But saving a crown, he had naething beside.

To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea ;

And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna' been gane a week but only twa,

When my father brake his arm, and our cow was
stown awa',

My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna' work, and my mither doughtna'
spin ;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna' win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e,

Said, 'Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me !'

My heart it said Nay—I look'd for Jamie back ;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack,

The ship it was a wrack ; why didna' Jenny die ?

Oh ! why was I spared to cry, Wae's me !

My father urged sair—my mither didna' speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break.

So they gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at
the sea,

Now auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,

When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door.

I saw my Jamie's wraith—for I couldna' think it he,
 'Till he said, 'I'm come back, love, to marry thee.'
 O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish'd I were dead—but I'm no like to die;
 Oh! why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin,
 I darena' think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.
 'Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content,
 She thought it content; but her cheek it grew pale,
 And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail.

ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.

Music by Braham.

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
 And cheerfully sing thro' the night;
 The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,
 And the stars shall shine forth to give light.

Then come to me, come to me; wail not nor weep;
 O turn thy sweet eyes unto me;
 To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
 And kiss from thy lids the salt tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
 Is thou, love, the joy of this earth:
 But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,
 Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.

Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of the eve,
 And the winds that so mournfully cry,
 Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must
 leave,

To lie down in those deserts to die.

Then come to me, &c

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Air—New Langolee

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly my own Island Harp I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song;
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness!
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
twine,

Go,—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand, less unworthy than mine.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;

I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

MY DARK HAIR'D GIRL.

My dark hair'd girl, thy ringlets deck
In silken curl thy graceful neck;
Thy neck is like the swan, and fair as the pearl,
And light as air the step is, of my dark hair'd girl.

My dark hair'd girl, upon thy lip
The dainty bee might wish to sip;
For thy lip is like the rose, and thy teeth they are
pearl,

And diamond is the eye of my dark hair'd girl.

My dark hair'd girl, I've promis'd thee,
And thou thy faith hast given to me;
And, oh! I would not change for the crown of an
earl,

The pride of being lov'd by my dark hair'd girl.

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

It was at twilight's dusky hour,
When twinkling stars their lustre shed,
The warbling tenants of each bow'r,
Unto their mossy cells had fled.

The lowing herds had ceas'd their note,
The bleating flocks were in their pen;
No sounds were in the air afloat,
No hum arose within the glen.

The orient tints which streak'd the sky,
Had vanish'd with departing light;
The azure vault serene and high,
Bedeck'd with gems, shone softly bright

The air was calm, all still profound,
Refreshing zephyrs cool'd the plain,
And echo, with responsive sound,
Sent back whate'er it heard, again.

'Twas just at this propitious hour,
That fairy steps flit o'er the green,
Bespangled with each native flower;
No pressure mark'd where they had been.

'Twas now that Oberon the sprite,
His revels held with sportive sway,
Kept up the dance, till dawn of light
Intrusive, warn'd the elves away.

THEY TOLD ME NOT TO LOVE HIM.

They told me not to love him!
They said that he would prove
Unworthy of so rich a gem,
As woman's peerless love.
But I believ'd them not,
Oh! no, I knew it could not be,

That one so false as they thought him,
Could be as dear to me.

They told me not to love him!
They said he was not true,
And bade me have a care, lest I
Should do what I might rue:
At first I scorn'd their warnings—for
I could not think that he
Conceal'd beneath so fair a brow,
A heart of perfidy.

They told me to discard him!
They said he meant me ill—
They darkly spoke of fiends that lure
And smile, and kiss, and—kill!
I all unheeding heard them, for
I knew it could not be,
That one so false as they thought him
Could be so dear to me.

But they forc'd me to discard him!
Yet I could not cease to love—
For our mutual vows recorded were
By angel hands above.
He left his boyhood's home, and sought
Forgetfulness afar;
But memory stung him,—and he fough
And fell, in glorious war.

He dwells in Heaven now,—while I
Am doom'd to this dull earth:
Oh! how my sad soul longs to break
Away, and wander forth:
From star to star its course would be—
Unresting it would go,
Till we united were above,
Who severed were below

R

I LOVE THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I love the village church,
With its ivy mantled tower ;
And rustic forms around the porch,
At the Sabbath's holy hour.
The music of the bell,
O'er the pleasant valley stealing ;
And the simple prayer that breathes so well
The pure heart's fervent feeling.

I love the village green,
Where, after hours of labour,
At eve the young and old are seen,
With merry pipe and tabor.
The banquet is not spread,
As it is in courtly palaces ;
But nature, o'er the spot, has shed
Her own peculiar graces.

SONG OF THE SKATERS.

This bleak and chilly morning,
With frost the trees adorning,
Though Phœbus below
Were all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
A skating we go,
With a fal, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.
From right to left we're plying,
Swifter than wind we're flying,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we swing :
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep,
With a fal, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder :
Though the waters he seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,

 With a fal, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn
See, see, our band advances,
See how they join in dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills rebounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
And call us their foe,
For Neptune below
His beard dare not show.

 With a fal, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Looked pure as the spirit that made it :
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
In the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire
 blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers,
The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers :
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And thought that the light-house looked lovely as
 hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow :
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion ;
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES

A Glee.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill' your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round ;
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For in that true joys are found.

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND.

Of friendship I've heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if distressed at any time,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money is your friend—is it not ?
Yes, money is your friend—is it not ?
Is it not?—is it not?—pray tell me now,
Yes, money! money! is your friend.

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the doctor send ;
To him you must advance a fee,
Then money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you must depend ;
You must pay the lawyer's brief,
Then money is your friend.
Yes money, &c.

Then let me have but store of gold,
From ills it will defend;
In every exigence of life,
Dear money is your friend.
Yes, money, &c.

THE WINE CELLAR.

Air,—The woodpecker

I knew by the smell which so gratefully rose,
And cheered up my heart, a wine cellar was near;
And I said if a man wished a jolly carouse,
The soul that is thirsty might look for it here:
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the old butler tapping the sherry for me.

And here in this round bellied cask, I exclaimed,
Is a mistress so lovely to soul and to eye,
That with her no mortal could fairly be blamed,
Who might happily live and most jollily die.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

'Neath the shade of yon arch, where the dam
slowly drips,
And the cobwebs and sawdust so sweetly entwine,
Flows a stream, which I know, as I pour through
my lips,
Has never been tasted by any but mine.
Every leaf was at rest, &c.

SAY, MY HEART, WHENCE COMES THINE
ANGUISH?

Say, my heart, whence comes thine anguish?
And what means that bitter sigh?
Here are lovely scenes around thee,
Tho' beneath a foreign sky
Oh! I know whence comes my anguish,
Whence my sighs and sadness come:
There are lovely scenes around me,
But not one that looks like home.

No!—abroad none love so truly,
None so warmly press the hand,
Not e'en childhood laughs so sweetly,
As at home, in Switzerland.

Oh! my heart! cease, cease thy mourning,
If 'tis still thy fate to roam;
Wait in hope, till, heav'n ordaining,
We may smile once more at home.

Oh! ye hills, and woods, and valleys,
Where my hopes and joys remain:
Oh! my father and my mother,
Could I see ye once again!

See the cottages around me,
With their gaily chequered wall:
Hear my neighbours kindly greeting,
And my love's, the best of all!

I will up, away, and hasten
To my home of youthful glee;
I can know no joy nor pleasure
Till my native land I see

'TIS BUT FANCY'S SKETCH.

Here mark a poor desolate maid,
By a parent's ambition betray'd,
Behold on her fast fading cheek,
The tears that her agony speak;
And here kneels the well-beloved youth
Calling heaven to witness his truth;
And here stands the murderous wretch.

But mark me,

But mark me,

'Tis but fancy's sketch,
Ah! 'tis but fancy's sketch.

Behold in his face are express'd,
The passions that rage in his breast;
Here read, while he dares to demand
From her parents this maiden's fair hand,

While deep in his dungeon secured
A still living wife is immured ;
Who curses the murderous wretch.

But start not !

But start not

'Tis but fancy's sketch,
Ah! 'tis but fancy's sketch.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee: with raptures behold,
While ages on ages thy splendours unfold;
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er en crimson thy name.
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
'Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire,
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend;
A world is thy realm, for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause,
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar,
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more:
'To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind,
Here, grateful to heaven, with transports shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odours of spring

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
Their graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul still enliven the fire:

Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold;
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendours shall
 flow,
And earth's little kingdom before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumults of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From the noise of the city I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, sure of angels, enchantingly sung,
'Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.'

POOR JACK.

By Mr Dibdin.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger and fear and the like,
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me
And 'tan't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant masts, smack smooth
 should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and house every
 thing tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud.
Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back,
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls, heaven, mercy and such,
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch;
But he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that proved clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow:
For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
Take the top-lifts of Sailors a-back,
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you must be;
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room to
us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailer should be every inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship:
And with her brave the world without offering to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip:
As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken a-back,
The same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

EVENING HYMN OF THE VINTAGERS.

Music by Mr Nelson.

'Tis evening, and the sun's last gleam
Beneath the wave will soon be gone;
But ere it leaves the mountain stream,
Our vintage labour will be done.
Hark! hark, the pealing vesper bell
From toil unto devotion calls;
Of hope and joy it seems to tell,
As sweetly on the ear it falls.
Gloria tibi, domine.

'Tis sweet to rest from toil awhile;
And when the shades of night are come,
To meet the cheering welcome-smile,
That waits us at our peaceful home.
Hark! hark, the pealing, &c.

I'LL SAY YES, WHEN I'M ASKED.

A maiden there was who was silly and shy,
And she looked like a fool when her lover was nigh,
Yet she knew not why.
He asked her one day, if to church she would go,
She blush'd more than ever and courtesied low—
And she answered 'No';
But it was with a sigh,
And she knew not why!

The youth, in his turn, now grew shy of the maid;
He courted another, who was not afraid,
And who 'Yes,' soon said.
She saw them go by—she repented at last—
Oh, ho, the next time,' (she exclaimed, as they
passed)
I'll say *yes*, when I'm asked;
And she spoke with a sigh,
And she well knew why!

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain!
Orynthia, echo hears and calls again!
A mimic voice repeats the name around,
And with Orynthia all the rocks resgund.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the mountain I press'd;
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell, as my mansion of rest.
Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head,
The juice of ripe muscadel flows in my glasses,
And rushes, fresh pull'd, for siesta, are spread.
Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

ONE LITTLE WORD BEFORE WE PART

One little word before we part,
Oh, why wish to leave me so soon?
With him who owns thy faithful heart,
Come wander beneath the bright moon.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, not now, the maiden
cried,
'Twere soon enough when I'm a bride;
Hark, hark! I hear the vesper bell,
Good night, adieu! good night, farewell!
One single kiss deny me not,
Oh what from true love can you fear?
From him, who'd share with thee his lot;
Deny me not, no one is near.
No, no, no, &c.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night, when the bell had toll'd twelve,
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
In her ear whisper'd some flitting elfe,
'Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
Far, far at sea.'

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover,
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy, which painted her lover
Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer, clos'd her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling, he sunk in a billow,
Far, far at sea.

THE BUCKET.

By Samuel Woodworth, Esq.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection recalls them to view—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
'That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblein of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it
As poised on the cord, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in his well—
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

Sung by Madame Vestris.

A fond youth serenaded his love
Who was sleeping—love never should sleep,
Her father was peeping above—
Oh! fathers, you never should peep.
To his daughter's balcony he brought
Her monkey in muslins arrayed;
The youth was o'erjoyed, for he thought
"Twas the form of his beautiful maid, his maid,
"Twas the form of his beautiful maid.

He gazed on the figure in white,
Whose nods gave new life to his hopes;
His heart throbbed with love and delight,
As he threw up the ladder of ropes;
His charmer hopped down it, and then
The happy delusion was o'er!
Girls often meet monkey-like men,
But man ne'er woo'd monkey before, before,
But man ne'er woo'd monkey before.

From the window enjoying the joke,
Her father feared danger no more ;
And she by the bustle awoke,
Soon made her escape at the door.
'Come, come to your Rosa,' she said,
'Unless you prefer my baboon,
And pray let your next serenade
Take place at the full of the moon, the moon,
Take place at the full of the moon.'

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE

Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too ;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's one of our bold crew.
Each man, whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

And when our haughty enemies
Our noble ship assail,
Then all true hearted lads despise
What peril may prevail ;
But shrinking from the cause we prize,
If lubbers skulk below,
To the sharks
Have such sparks,
They assist the common foe.

Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout ;
And, having nothing else to do,
We fairly fight it out ;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we soon are friends ;
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

I WONT BE A NUN.

Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I,
Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away and die ;
But I wont be a nun—no, I wont be a nun—
I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I'm sure I cannot tell what's the mischief I have done,
But my mother often tells me that I must be a nun.
But I wont be a nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, it would not do for me,
For I like to go a shopping, and to see what I can see.
So I wont be a nun, &c.

I love to hear men flattering, love fashionable clothes,
I love music and dancing, and chatting with the beaux.
So I can't be a nun, &c.

So mother, don't be angry now, but let your daughter
be,
For the nuns would not like to have a novice wild
as me.
And I can't be a nun—no, I wont be a nun—
I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

THE EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE
PEASANTS.

By Mrs Hemans.

Come to the sun-set tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
The reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given
In the cool refreshing bowers.
Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh;
 The gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie.
 When the burden of the heat
 Of labour's task is o'er,
 And kindly voices greet,
 The tired one at his door.

Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs;
 Welcome the freshness round.
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 Then, though the wind an altered tone
 Through the young foliage bear,
 Though every flower of something gone,
 A tinge may wear;
 Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail,
 And sing as sweetly as the nightingale;
 Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view,
 As morning roses newly tipt with dew.
 As morning roses, &c.

Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
 And dance and play, and wrinkled care beguile.
 Should he upbraid, &c.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore;
 My bosom beat with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more:
 'Dear youth,' she cried, 'and canst thou haste away.
 My heart will break, a little moment stay;
 Alas! I cannot part from thee.'
 The anchor's weighed—farewell, remember me!

'Weep not, my love,' I trembling said,
 'Doubt not a constant heart like mine,
 I ne'er can meet another maid,
 Whose charms can fix a heart like mine.'
 'Go then,' she cried, 'but let thy constant mind
 Oft think on her you leave in tears behind.'
 Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,
 The anchor's weighed—farewell, remember me!"

ANSWER TO 'RISE, GENTLE MOON.'

By Mrs Cornwell Baron Wilson.

The moon is up! her silvery beam
 Shines bower and grove and mountain over:
 A flood of radiance, heaven doth seem,
 To light thee, maiden, to thy lover.
 If o'er her orb a cloud should rest,
 'Tis but thy cheek's soft blush to cover
 He waits to clasp thee to his breast;
 The moon is up! go meet thy lover.

The moon is up! round beauty's shrine
 Love's pilgrims bend at vesper hour,
 Earth breathes of heaven and looks divine,
 And lover's hearts confess her power.
 If o'er her orb, &c.

RISE, WARRIOR, RISE.

Sung by Miss Stephens.

Rise, warrior, rise, the morn has shed
 Its golden glories round thy bed;
 The twilight shades now fleet away,
 And mists are brightening into day.
 Rise, warrior, rise.

Hark! hark, 'tis the lark, her wings o'er thee sweep,
 Her song as she soars seems reproving thy sleep,
 Thy steed doth impatient expecting thee stand,
 And thy blade lies unsheath'd for thy conquering
 hand.

S

Rise, warrior, rise, though dreams are sweet,
When absent forms in slumber meet,
Though hope should weave such dreams for thee
And lovely visions round thee flee.

Rise, warrior, rise.

Rise, warrior, rise, 'tis glory now
Prepares the garland for thy brow,
Rise from thy tempting couch of down,
And win and wear the warrior's crown.

Rise, warrior, rise.

THE MAID OF LODI.

I sing the maid of Lodi,
Sweet soother of my toil;
Peace dwells within her bosom,
And pleasure lights her smile.
Her eyes, of mildest lustre,
A placid mind disclose;
Her cheeks in beauty rival
The blushes of the rose.

When o'er the fading landscape
The shades of twilight steal,
When sea and land are blended
Beneath the dusky veil,
I meet the maid of Lodi,
On yonder vine-cloth'd hill,
Or whisper tales of rapture,
Beside yon sparkling rill.

Around her humble dwelling
No servile crowds appear;
She but receives the homage
That springs from hearts sincere
Then sing the maid of Lodi,
Whom native charms adorn,
Bright as the glowing radiance,
That gilds the dawn of morn.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD.—A *Glee*.

The winds whistle cold,
And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
And was fringing the forest bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

Gaffer winter may seize
Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
The bold brandy and ale;
For our fathers so bold,
They laugh'd at the cold,
When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaff'd mighty ale,
And they told a blythe tale,
And so will we do now,
Jolly hearts!
And so will we do now.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

Sung by Miss Kelly.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet:
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,
I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth, must be watchful and wary,
 Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;
 Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away;
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
 Means of procuring a weary delay.
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away,
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THE NEVA BOATMEN'S SONG.

By Mr Horn.

Daylight fades,
 Ev'ning shades
 O'er the silent waters creep;
 Winds arise,
 And with sighs,
 Wake the stream from slumbers deep:
 Swift o'er the Neva tides,
 Mark, how our vessel glides,
 O'er the curled waves she rides,
 Scattering pearl-drops from her sides.
 Brothers, row,
 Whilst the glow
 Of twilight sheds a parting beam,
 'Till our lay
 Fades away,
 And dies upon the Neva stream.

Eve has pass'd,
And shades at last,
Round the darkening waters close,
Yet one star
Shines afar,
Gilding ev'ry wave that flows.
Soon shall the hand of night,
Hang up her crescent light;
Mild, yet with splendour bright,
Chasing ev'ry gloom from sight.
Brothers, row, &c.

AS SUNLIGHT FALLS.

Sung by Miss Hughes.

As sunlight falls on crystal streams
That first reflect the day,
On youthful hearts so kindly gleams
Love's fresh inspiring ray.
An envious cloud the sky deforms,
And crystal streams flow dark;
So fares the heart when way-ward storms
Extinguish love's pure spark.
Yet oh! relent, ye adverse powers,
Life's vanish'd joys restore,
Those rosy-colour'd laughing hours,
That bloom to fade no more.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare;
Young Jockey, early in the dawn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds used to wear:
He tapp'd the window—'Haste, my dear'—
Jenny, impatient, cried 'Who's there?'
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.'

'My dad and mamma's fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?'
'I will by all the powers of love,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair.'

'Behold the ring!' the shepherd cried,
'Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.'
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true:
His word was pledged—away she flew,
O'er cowslip tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the jovial throng,
Their gay companions blithe and young:
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
And hails the happy day:
Return'd, there's none so fond as they,
They bless'd the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

HURRAH FOR THE EMERALD ISLE.

Sung by Miss Rock.

There's a health to the friends that are far,
There's a health to our friends that are near,
Here's to those who rank first in the war,
Oh the brave hearts that never knew fear!
Here's to him who for freedom first draws,
And here's to the heart free from guile,
The patriot friend to his home and his laws,
Who stands by his own native isle.
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

And here's to the bosom's bright glow,
When the banner of liberty waves;
And here's may she conquer her foe,
Ere the sons of her glory be slaves!
Then here's to the friends all around,
The emblem of Erin's rich soul,
And oh! may they ever, when wanted, be found
To stand by their own native isle.
Then Hurrah for the Emerald Isle!

THE VESPER HYMN

Russian Air.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters, soft and clear
Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
Now it bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate,———Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song.
Hark! again like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.

THE BRIDAL STAR.

His white plume o'er the mountain streams,
My heart throbs with delight,
His corslet in the sunshine beams,
He comes my peerless knight.
The banquet spread and music bring
From holy land afar,
His lady love shall welcome sing,
And touch her gay guitar.

While songs of mirth and pastime strains,
Are breathing soft around,
Hail, vassals, hail, till yonder plains
His welcome home resound ;
I'll deck myself in all my best,
And wear my Bridal Star :
And now he's laid his lance at rest,
I'll touch my gay guitar.
The banquet spread, &c.

AMERICA, COMMERCE, AND FREEDOM.

How blest the life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
Though tempests howl along the main,
Some objects will remind us,
And cheer with hope to meet again
The friends we left behind us.
Then under full sail we laugh at the gale,
And the landsmen look pale, never heed them,
But toss off a glass to some favourite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting ;

With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,
Our friends delighted greet us,
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl enlivens the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead them;
And each bonny lass will drink off her glass
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And when we meet a brother tar
That wants, we freely give it:
No free-born sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it:
And when 'tis gone—to sea for more,
We earn it but to spend it.
Then drink round, my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed them,
'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

THE BONNY LAD.

Young Jamie is a bonny lad,
None blyther I can see,
So trim he wears his tartan plaid,
So kind he blinks at me.
As kind I blink at him again,
My smiles I dinna stint,
Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
He winna take the hint.

He tother day a posie brought,
The rose and lily too,
An emblem I must own I thought,
Might tell him what to do.
I courtesied low and smiled again,
My smiles I never stint,
Yet still he gies my bosom pain,
He canna take the hint.

Ye favour'd lasses of our town,
Advise me if you can,
That I may a' my wishes crown,
Upon a modest plan.
I'll do my best to gain his love,
My dress shall be in print,
And I will ever constant prove,
If he will take the hint.

THE LAST SHILLING.

By Mr Dibdin.

As pensive one night in my garret I sate,
My last shilling produced on the table;
That adventurer, cried I, might a history relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.
Whether fancy or magic 'twas played me the freak,
The face seemed with life to be filling;
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
'Pay attention to me—thy last shilling.

'I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who, in cheating, was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack tar, all his rhinø but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distressed friend
Wished it hundreds—and gave his last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye
With pleasure ran o'er as she viewed me:
She changed me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedewed me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling;
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have spurned me—their best friend and last
shilling.

'Thou thyself hast been thoughtless—for profligates
bail,

But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little history thou offerest for sale;
In the interim spend me and be merry.'

'Never, never,' I cried, 'thou'rt my mentor, my muse.
And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
'I'll hoard thee in my heart.' Thus men counsel refuse
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

O! sweet is twilight's hour,
When the gay sun is set in night,
And ev'ry tree and blossom'd flower
Weep tears of light.
Oh! sweet is evening's close,
When shadows on the mountains rest,
And the clear moon her radiance throws
On ocean's breast.
In every heart must reign
A holy calm at moonlight's hour:
Then passions wild, and follies vain,
Resign their power.
Oh! there's a rapture found
In scenes like these, that ne'er was giv
To day-light's glare, for all around
Tells us of heaven!

THE MOON LIT BOWER.

Sung by Madame Vestris.

Nay, ask me not; the moon lit bower
Of love is not for me,
Nor hath my lyre the magic power
To wake such lays for thee.
For joyance never, never more,
Will sweep across its strings;
Its melodies are shadowed o'er
By sorrow's raven wings

Nor bid me sing, for why should I
On themes of sadness dwell.
To call the tear-drop to thine eye,
Or cause thy heart to swell
With feelings that would badly suit,
A heart so young as thine?
Oh! let me die ere I pollute
With grief that bosom's shrine.

The grave will soon, the happy grave,
Will soon enshroud this form,
Which, like the ocean's tremulous wave,
Hath often felt a storm:
And in some lone, deserted spot
My resting place shall be,
By native hill and stream, forgot
Perhaps by all but thee.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The old oak tree our shade shall be,
And there you shall sing gay songs to me;
Each sparkling glass that we fill to-night,
Reflecting a smile, shall beam more bright;
And we'll drink to those that we fain would see,
Under the shade of the old oak tree.

Come, fashion! and see our canopy,
The gay green leaves of the old oak tree;
The setting sun, and the rising moon,
Together shall light our sweet saloon;
We've the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee,
Under the shade of the old oak tree.

Oh! let there not be a fire for me,
Kindled against the old oak tree;
Too many, alas! will wound the stem
Of the tree that in kindness shelter'd them:
No brand shall be lighted for you or for me,
Under the shade of the old oak tree.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S RETURN.

The parting beam of day
Has ting'd the western sky,
And o'er its closing ray,
Night's shadows quickly fly.
The hunter with his spoil,
His homeward pathway winds,
And the woodman from his toil,
A cheering welcome finds.
The ev'ning's quiet hour
Hath charms for ev'ry breast,
But most for him to whom
The night alone brings rest.
The flock is in the fold,
And the shepherd's task is done,
The fisher's sails are furl'd,
And the ev'ning sports begun.
As twilight fades away,
The moon begins to glance
The brightness of her ray,
On the maidens in the dance.
The ev'ning's quiet hour, &c

THEN WAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS.

The heath is all lonely and drear, love,
There's nobody stirring or near, love;
Then awake from thy slumbers and hear, love,
My last farewell to thee:
The stars are deserting the skies, love,
The night-owl is ceasing his cries.
Then hasten to bless these fond eyes, love,
And open thy lattice to me.
The night is passing away, love,
And losing its gloom in the day, love,
Then lend of thine eyes but one ray, love,
E'er I go afar o'er the sea.
Then hasten, &c.

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

My wife is very musical,
She *tunes* it over much,
And teases me with what they call
Her *fingering* and *touch*.
She's *instrumental* to my pain,
Her very *Broadwood* quakes,
Her *vocal* efforts split my brain,
I shiver when she *shakes*!

She tells me, with the greatest ease
Her voice goes up to C!
And proves it till her *melodies*
Are *maladies* to me.
She's 'Isabeiling,' if I stir
From where my books lie hid;
Or, 'Oh! no, never mention her,'—
I wish she never did.

Her newest tunes turn out to be
The same as heard last year;
Alas! there's no variety
In *variations* here.
I see her puff, I see her pant
Through ditties wild and strange,
I wish she'd change her notes,—they want
Some silver and some change.

LIFE'S LIKE A SHIP.

Life's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low,
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds do blow:
If unassailed by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let's not lose the favouring hour,
While success attends our sails.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn by reason how to steer.
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails:
Should dangers rise, be ever ready,
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
While your vessel's under weigh;
Let good example bear dominion,
That's a compass will not stray:
When thundering tempests make you shudder
Or Boreas on the surface rails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger riding,
In some welcome port or bay;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And care awhile to slumber lay;
Or when each can with liquor's flowing,
And good fellowship prevails;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing;
Drink success unto our sails.

THE SPRING TIME OF YEAR IS COMING

Sung by Mr Sinclair.

The spring time of year is coming, coming,
Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay,
Insects bright are humming, humming,
And all the world is May, love,
And all the world is May.
The glorious sun is brighter,
The balmy air is lighter;
E'en woman when we meet her
In this sweet time is sweeter.
The spring time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
 With fragrance from the balmy grove,
 And youthful swains are telling, telling,
 Their happy tales of love, love,
 Their happy tales of love.
 Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
 Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill,
 Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
 With hope and joy his heart to fill.
 The spring time, &c

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

Hark! o'er the wave, the north blast is howling,
 Look, from the skies, the tempest is scowling :
 Down on the beach where wild waves are rushing,
 Is one, from whose eye the cold tear is gushing :
 She look'd on the shore, there, helpless and shattered,
 The wreck, like her hopes, to the wild winds are
 scatter'd.

There stood the lone one, in comfortless sorrow,
 'Till sunlight again burst forth on the morrow ;
 The tempest was hush'd, no wind cross'd the ocean ,
 But morn could not calm her bosom's emotion,
 She weeps for her love, o'er the billows a ranger,
 On night such as this of darkness and danger.
 Well may she weep, poor mariner's bride,
 Well may she weep, poor mariner's bride,

I DREAM'D THAT MY LOVE.

I dream'd that my love was a sprite of the deep,¹
 And that I was a mermaid fair ;
 And at eve to my coral cave he'd creep,
 To bind up my streaming hair ;
 Then leave on my lips such a glowing kiss,
 That I cried, ' Oh, what mortal can equal this !'
 What pity, what pity, to see such dreams
 Pass away in the light of the morning beams !

My vision then chang'd, and the king of the storm
Wrapp'd the ocean in boiling foam;
And a fiend, of a strange and fearful form,
Dragg'd me down to his demon home.
Then I thought my love, with a shining band
Bore me off through the air to some fairy land —
What pity, what pity, to see such dreams
Pass away in the light of the morning beams.

MY COTTAGE AND VINE

Here, far away from wealth and pow'r
As far from want remov'd,
My home I've made the simple bow'r,
That first in youth I lov'd;
Where snow-clad mountains proudly rise
And blooming roses twine,
Where gentle waters flow around
My cottage and my vine.
Dear home of innocence and peace,
The vale of early years,
In thee I'll bid my sorrows cease,
And dry my flowing tears;
For ev'ry joy the heart can prove,
Or wish, will here be mine;
With friends long lov'd
I'll gladly share, my cottage and my vine.

I KNOW WHO.

How sweet the fragrant breath of May,
At dreary winter's close!
And sweet each bud and flow'ret gay,
And dew-drop on the rose!
And sweet to hear the nightingale
That lovely rose-bud woo!
But sweeter far the tender tale
That's told by I know who,
That's told by I know who.

T

How sweet the lark's shrill voice to hear,
The blackbird and the thrush,
And sweet the linnet's note, more near,
Upon the hawthorn bush!
And sweet it is at eve to rove,
And hear the dove's soft coo!
But sweeter far the tale of love,
That's told by I know who,
That's told by I know who.

VALE CRUCIS.

By Mr Roscoe.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green.
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For peace has there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmurs of the distant rills,
The Sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given,
Without the golden gates of heaven.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green
His heart is good-humoured—'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found,
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
— An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
His clothes spick and span new without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his white neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,
He meets with his Shillah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, 'Get ye gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while,
To the priest then they go—and, nine months after
that,

A fine baby cries out, 'How d'ye do, father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the shillelah and shamrock so green;
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
Shannon,

Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a
cannon;

United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose, leek and thistle, long flourish and
twine

Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

MY LOVELY BRUNETTE.

My lovely brunette, to your Spanish guitar,
'Tis sweet to be dancing beneath the night star;
Now winding through mazes, now culling eve
flowers

Weeping with dew-drops from Spain's sultry bowers
My own native shores could I ever forget,
I should blame your guitar and your light castanet.

But my charming brunette, 'twere sweeter to me,
To be seated beneath my own hawthorn tree ;
To be telling my tale in my dear native isle,
My Spanish love smiling upon me the while,
Oh! there by the moonlight, 'twere sweeter by far
To dance, my brunette, to your Spanish guitar.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN PIPE.

The merry mountain pipe
Sounds sweetly on the hill ;
In memory oft I hear
Its lingering echoes still.
Dear are the days long past,
With those that now are gone ;
They were too bright to last,
And like sweet dreams have flown.
The merry mountain pipe, &c.

But hope's enlivening ray,
Beaming through anxious years,
Will chase my cares away,
And change to smiles my tears.
The merry mountain pipe, &c

MAIDENS YOUNG AND TENDER.

Maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me !
Ne'er your heart surrender,
Never married be !
If you wed an old beau,
Jealous he will prove :
Grumble at and scold you,
All by way of love !
So maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me !
Ne'er your heart surrender
Never married be !

If a youth you marry,
You're better not a whit;
Your plans will all miscarry,
For he wont submit!
Should you frown, he cries out,
'Love, honour, and obey!'
And though you weep your eyes out,
You'll not get your own way!
So maidens young and tender,
Take a hint from me!
Ne'er your heart surrender,
Never married be.

HARK! HARK! THROUGH THE WILD WOOD

Tyrolese war song,—Sung by Madame Vestris

They come through the wild wood,
I hear their warrior strain;
The haunts of their childhood
Allure their steps again.
I see their glittering spears afar,
I hail the glorious voice of war,
The sunbeams on their morions glance
And quiver o'er each sparkling lance.
I see their glittering spears afar,
I hear the glorious voice of war,
Hark! hark! through the wild wood,
I hear the martial strain.

Oh! let not tears our welcome speak,
Or cloud affection's brow;
Tears gemm'd at parting every cheek,
But smiles should greet them now.
Twine round their heart your spells of power,
Home, peace, and love!
Through weary life's long future hour,
No more, no more to rove.
I see the glittering spears afar,
I hail the glorious voice of war,
Hark! hark! through the wild wood,
Resounds the martial strain.

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT SHORE.

Sung by Mr Horn.

I hear thy shell resound
The trembling waters o'er,
And the songs that swell around
My own bright shore!
The melting charm I hear,
The tuneful melody,
That soothes the list'ning ear
In the chambers of the sea,
Where the Nereid sisters play,
And the envied smile to reap
Their wave-born loves array,
All the treasures of the deep,
But oh! I may not leave,
To roam the waters o'er,
My own bright shore,
The bright, bright shore!

The golden hue of day,
With the rich and radiant shower
Of all the bloom of May,
Here decks my parent bower;
And hope, and truth, and love,
If e'er with mortals found,
Thrice bless my native grove,
And breathe a heaven around.
Then hither from the wave,
And share our sweeter store,
O hither from the wave,
And share our sweeter store:
I may not, cannot leave,
The shore, the lovely shore,
My own bright shore,
The bright, bright shore!

OBERON'S CORONATION.

The elf king is to be crowned to-night:

The fairy court is all delight.

Who is the elf king? who's the elf king?

Oberon, immortal sprite,

Who rules the elfin world of night,

That tiny, tiny, airy thing,

Is Oberon, the fairy king!

The mimic peal from cowslip bells

Is ringing, merry ringing,

Where tiny elves, hid in their cells,

The fairy chimes are singing;

Up elves and sprites, ye myriads up;

And see king Oberon crown'd;

Haste to his court with light wing'd feet,

Like spangles o'er the star-lit ground.

All hail to thee! great Oberon,

Enjoy thy festal rite,

Monarch of a world unseen,

And fairy king of night.

SHE CHANTED HER LOVER TO COME.

One morn when bright Phœbus was low,

A maiden had strayed from her home,

And the sweet warbling lark rising slow,

She chanted her lover to come.

Through meadows o'erspangled with dew,

'Sweet warbler, sweet warbler,' she cried,

'My lover, my lover's untrue,'

And she sunk by a glossy brook side.

'Pretty warbler, I'll fly to my cot,

Since my lover attends not to me;

Forlorn and deserted's my lot,

Adieu, both to him and to thee.

FAREWELL, MY LUTE.

Farewell! my lute, whose gentle tone
Hath cheer'd my heart for many a day;
Companion lov'd, whose chords had pow'r
To chase my gloom and grief away.

Whate'er my lot, where'er I roam,
Fond thoughts of thee will often come,
And I shall sigh for that dear home,
Where thou hang'st mute, sweet lute!
Farewell! my lute, &c.

Farewell! my love, whose soothing voice
Broke like soft music on mine ear;
Whose heart to mine more warmly clung
When all around grew dark and drear.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lot,
No word of thine can be forgot:
Oft shall I sigh for that sweet spot,
Where thou dost rove, dear love!

Farewell, my love! farewell, my lute!
These eyes are dry, these lips are mute:
Oh! language fades before love's spell;
My lute! my love! farewell, farewell!

'TIS MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, and sweet melodies
Are wafted o'er the tide,
From one of those bright pleasure barques
That on the waters glide.

Gay lords are there,
And ladies fair,
Along the ship,
They lightly trip;

I envy not their revelry
While roving by thy side.

Beheld the moonbeams darting through
The green transparent trees;
And hear the light leaves answering
The whispers of the breeze:
When winter throws
Her chilling snows
O'er all the earth,
Then give me mirth:
But oh! the dance was never meant
For summer nights like these.

MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh, hon! for somebody,
Oh, hey! for somebody,
I wad range the world around
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody;
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh, hon! for somebody!
Oh, hey! for somebody!
I wad gae—where wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O!
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O!
 Then warly cares and warly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O!
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

OLD TOWLER.

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn;
 The lewing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn.
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry;
 Arise! the burden of their song—
 This day a stag must die!
 With a hey ho chevey!
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.
 Hark, hark, tantivy!
 'This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail;
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;

The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The game is roused, too true the song—
This day a stag must die!
With a hey ho, &c.

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more;
His joys were in the chase.
Alike—the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey ho, &c.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air,
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair;
What flood reflects the shore so sweet,
As glorious Boyne or pastoral Ban,
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
And principle is still his guide,
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but wont be dared;
Fitter to practise than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange and poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide you where you safe may be;
Are you his comrade? while you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee;

His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound, in wo or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
Try him with gold, it wont prevail,
But e'en in fire you'll find him true;
He seeks not safety—let his post
Be where 'tis oft, in battle's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill ne'er be by an Irishman.

Erin, lov'd land, from age to age,
Be thou more great, more fam'd and free,
May peace be thine, or shouldst thou wage
Defensive wars, cheap victory;
May plenty flow from every field,
And gentle breezes sweetly fan;
May cheerful smiles serenely gild
'The breast of every Irishman.

MARMION.

The war that for a space did fail,
Now doubly thundering swell'd the gale
And 'Stanley!' was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head,
He shock the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on,
Were the last words of Marmion.

COME, FOLLOW ME.

Come, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be;
And lightly tripping o'er the green.
Come, follow Mab your queen.

OH! DO NOT BID ME TO FORGET.

Oh! do not bid me to forget
What once I loved so well,
For I have ever, ever said,
My heart shall not rebel.
"Twas on that spot beside the stream,
Where last we fondly met,
I promised him, whate'er my doom,
I never would forget.

He loved me when we parted last,
I know he loved me true,
For falsehood never seem'd so fair,
And well his looks I knew:
For when he spoke his eye was fill'd,
His cheek with tears was wet,
His latest words, his last farewell,
I never can forget.

THE TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND

The topsails shiver in the wind,
Our ship she's cast to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moored with thee;
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be my leading star.
Should landsmen flatter when we've sailed,
Oh doubt their artful tales,
No gallant sailor ever failed,
If love breathed constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole
These are our cares: but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again.
Now freedom's glory rest with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girl, adieu!

THE MARINER'S CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Oh! weep no more, sweet mother,
Oh! weep no more to-night,
And only watch the sea, mother,
Beneath the morning light.
Our beautiful Madonna
Will mark how you have wept,
The prayers of early morning,
The vigils you have kept.

She will guide his stately vessel,
Though the sea be dark and drear;
Another week of sunshine,
My father will be here.
I'll watch with thee, sweet mother,
But the stars fade from my sight:
Come, come and sleep, dear mother,
Oh! weep no more to-night.

SOFT GLIDES THE SEA.

Sung by Miss Hughes.

Soft glides the sea,
Bounding and free,
Dance the blue waves, as they rush to the shore
O'er vale and height
Gleams the moon bright,
Gaily the Mariner plies the swift oar,
Singing awhile, 'Ere the sun lights the main,
Land of my birth, I shall greet thee again.'

Night wears away;
Sullen and grey
Frowns the dark sea; o'er the wild restless deep
Lightning's red flash,
Thunder's loud crash
Now quiver and peal--'Go, Mariner, weep;
Haply I deem, though the sun lights the main,
Its rays to thy land shall not greet thee again.'

Tempests are fled ;
Morning hath shed
Light from her eye and balm from her breath ,
All things rejoice ;
Heard is the voice
Of the Mariner now singing praises of home.
The ship's gallant prow presses on through the main,
And he treads on the land of his fathers again

SLEEP, GENTLE LADY.

A Serenade.

Sleep, gentle lady, flowers are closing,
The very winds and waves reposing ;
O, let our soft and soothing numbers
Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers !
Peace be around thee, lady bright,
Sleep, while we sing—good night, good night !

THE SABBATH BRIDAL.

A Dialogue.

'Whither I pray, whither I pray,
Pretty young maiden, wouldst thou stray ?
Whither I pray, whither I pray,
Pretty young maiden, wouldst thou stray ?
'Sir, I am waiting the sabbath-bell,
For one, long known and loved full well,
Who promised that, on this sacred day,
He would bear me a bride to his bower away.'

'He sends me to thee with this willow wreath,
To recall the fond words he used to breathe.
He will wed one as fair as thou to-day ;
And he gives me to woo thee, if so I may.'
That willow wreath I need not wear :
For this do thy tell-tale eyes declare—
Let him wed his fair maid, and to her be true—
So now thou may'st woo me, and win me too.'

He has doffed his disguise—he has changed his tone:
By the pretty young maiden he was known.
They have knelt at the altar—pronounced their vow,
And the bells ring so merrily for them now.

THE WOODBINE BOWER.

Oh! come to me at this soft hour,
When flowers inhale the balmy dew,
Oh, meet me in the woodbine bower,
That I have fondly wreath'd for you.
The moon, that with her silver light,
Now brightly beams on tow'r and tree;
But O! those eyes are far more bright,
Which fondly, fondly gaze on me!
Oh! come to me, &c.

Dear maid, the breezes murmur soft,
Around the grove and hawthorn tree,
Whose wide and leafy branches oft
Have safely shaded thee and me,
And now, reclin'd beneath its bough,
By yonder vault of azure hue,
And its bright orb, I swear my vows
Shall never, never prove untrue.
Then come to me, &c.

INDEX

OF

TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

Absence	22
A damsel stood to watch the fight.....	101
Adieu! adieu! my native shore.....	71
Adieu, adieu, my only life.....	184
A fond youth serenaded his love.....	269
A garden formed by nature wild.....	131
A heart that once has loved like mine.....	101
A highland laddie heard of war.....	185
Ah no! Dearest, no.....	197
Ah! say not thou art lonely now	214
Ah! what is the bosom's commotion.....	125
Ah! where can fly my soul's true love	185
Alice Gray.....	42
Alknomook.....	218
Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning.....	196
All in the downs the fleet was moored	149
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.....	113
Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved.....	13
A maiden there was who was silly and shy	266
America, Commerce, and Freedom.....	280
American Star.....	238
And are ye sure the news is true	194
And has she then failed in her truth	197
And ye shall walk in silk attire.....	70
Anna of Conway.....	198
An old man would be wooing.....	183
Annot Lyle.....	64
Annot Lyle's Song.....	252
Arab Steed.....	33
Araby's Daughter.....	130
Arouse, arouse, ilk kilted clan	128
As I walked last night.....	90
Ask not why it is I love thee.....	217
A soldier's the lad for my notion.....	164

U

A soldier's the lad I adore	129
As pensive one night in my garret I sate.....	282
As sunlight falls on crystal streams.....	277
As the sun climbs o'er the hills	138
At dawn, Aurora gaily breaks.....	44
Auld Lang Syne.....	161, 240
Auld Robin Gray.....	253
Away, away, my Barb and I	183
Away! away, to the mountain's brow	127
Away, my bounding steed, away.....	85
Away! my gallant page, away	40
Away with melancholy.....	32
 Bavarian Broom Girl.....	 120
Bay of Biscay, O.....	154
Beautiful Maid.....	193
Begone, dull care, I pray thee begone	239
Behave yourself' before folk.....	200
Behold! how brightly breaks the morning.....	39
Behold! in his soft expressive face.....	147
Behold me, sung Hassan, the fearless and free.....	9
 Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart.....	 89
Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.....	201
Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I.....	247
Birks of Aberfeldy	199
Black-eyed Susan	149
Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn.....	132
Blue-eyed Mary.....	191
Bold and true.....	215
Bonnie Doon.....	170
Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go.....	199
Bonnie Wee Wife.....	198
Bonny Boat.....	81
Bonny Lad.....	281
Bonny Sleigh	237
Boys of Switzerland	153
Braes of Balquhither.....	246
Bridal Star	280
Bride	52
Bright are the beams of the morning sky.....	75
Bright, bright shore	294
Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn.....	298
Brigal banks	117

Bring flowers, young flowers, to the festal.....	229
Bring me, boy, a flowing bowl.....	249
Broken Flower.....	77
Bruce's Address.....	99
Bucket.....	268
Burial of Sir Thomas Moore.....	219
Buy my Roses.....	92
Canadian Boat Song.....	136
Captain Bell.....	228
Carrier Pigeon.....	162
Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer.....	47
Chase that Starting Tear away.....	118
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry.....	93
Chundah's Song.....	101
Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise.....	263
Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave.....	55
Come, buy my little roses red.....	92
Come, chase that starting tear away.....	118
Come dwell with me.....	44
Come, follow, follow me.....	300
Come haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny.....	55
Come hither! come hither! the silver light.....	202
Come hither, thou beautiful rover.....	162
Come, listen to my song, love.....	108
Come, love, to me.....	86
Come, my gallant soldier, come.....	130
Come over the mountains, my bonny Swiss.....	91
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer...	29
Come, strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs.....	238
Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger.....	191
Come to the sun-set tree.....	271
Comin' through the Rye.....	10
Convent Bell.....	144
Croos-keen Lawn.....	156
Cupid's Visit.....	212
Dame Durden kept five serving girls.....	250
Dame Nature one day, in a comical mood.....	95
Dashing White Serjeant.....	114
Day has gone down; on the Baltic's bright.....	178
Daylight fades.....	276

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee	255
Dear Native Home.....	203
Deep in a vale a cottage stood.....	220
Denounced.....	232
Deserted by declining day.....	202
Deserted by the waning moon.....	152
Diavolo.....	87
Dinna forget, laddie! dinna forget.....	249
Downhill of Life.....	186
Draw the sword, Scotland.....	150
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....	247
Dulce Domum.....	203
Echo Duet.....	66
Eleanor Grey.....	174
Encompassed in an angel's frame.....	204
Ere around the huge oak, that o'ershadows.....	182
Ere bright Rosina met my eyes.....	205
Even as the sun—the sun wi' purple.....	97
Evening Hymn of the Vintagers.....	266
Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasants.....	271
Exile of Erin.....	122
Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller.....	162
Faintly as tolls the evening chime.....	136
Fairest of the Fair....	141
Fair Rose has charms alone for me.....	252
Fall not in love, dear girls, beware.....	135
Fare-thee-well, and if for ever.....	182
Fare-thee-well, thou lovely one.....	38
Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter.....	130
Farewell! my lute, whose gentle tone.....	296
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth.....	205
Farewell to my harp.....	255
Far, far at sea.....	268
Far, far o'er hill and dell.....	144
Farmer's Daughter.....	243
Far o'er the wave, as morn's soft beam.....	203
Fiddler Boy.....	225
Fishermen's Glee.....	176
Flowing Bowl.....	249
Flow on, thou shining river.....	137
Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade.....	126
Follow, follow through the sea.....	138

Friends depart, and memory takes them	37
Friend in the battle day.....	69
Forget thee!—in my banquet hall.....	40
From Teutichland, I come, with my light.....	120
From the white-blossomed sloe, my dear	221
Gaily sounds the castanet	159
Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar	217
Galley Slave	171
Gascon Vespers.....	76
Gentle Zitella, whither away.....	108
Gin a body meet a body	10
Give me, my love, before we part	93
Give me, my love, the roseate flower.....	151
Glide on, my bark.....	77
Glowing with love, on fire for fame.....	80
Good Night	93
Good night, good night, my dearest	124
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see ...	264
Green grow the Rushes, O.....	297
Had I a heart for falsehood framed.....	208
Hail Columbia! happy land	34
Hail, great republic of the world	234
Hail to the chief who in triumph advances	121
Hame frae the wars, broken, friendless	206
Happy Swiss Boy.....	91
Hark! hark! through the wild wood.....	293
Hark! o'er the wave, the north blast is howling...	288
Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells.....	240
Hark! the merry peal is ringing.....	76
Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last	147
Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing.....	279
Harper's Song.....	58
Hassan the Brave.....	9
He comes from the wars, from the red field.....	158
He is gone on the mountain	207
He leap'd into his boat	104
Henry's Cottage maid	189
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	165
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie	208
Her eyes with her pale hand are shaded.....	181
Here, far away from wealth and pow'r.....	289

Here mark a poor desolate maid	262
Here's a Health, Bonnie Scotland, to thee.....	84
Here's a health to all good lasses	260
Here's the bottle she loved so much	206
Here's the bower she loved so much.....	31
Here we meet, too soon to part	111
He strikes the minstrel lyre again	43
He was a chief of low degree	226
Hey the Bonnie Breast Knots.....	58
Highland Mary	8
His white plaine o'er the mountain streams	250
Home, Sweet Home ..	157
Honi soit qui mal y pense	71
Hours there were to memory dearer.....	146
How blest the life a sailor leads	250
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my	268
How sweet at close of silent eve.....	50
How sweet the fragrant breath of May	289
Hunter's Horn	139
Huntsmen's Song and Chorus.....	73
Hurrah for the Emerald Isle	279
I am a friar of orders gray.....	209
I am Marian Ramsay, from Scotland I come	98
I dream'd that my love	238
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower	275
If I had a beau	114
If silent looks betoken	60
If you ask, what is love	179
I give thee all, I can no more.....	119
I have a silent sorrow here.....	213
I have plucked the sweetest flower.....	173
I hear thy shell resound	294
I knew by the smell which so gratefully rose.....	261
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme	165
I know Who	289
I love my Jean.....	65
I'll say Yes, when I'm ask'd.....	266
I'll watch for thee from my lonely bower.....	164
I love the village church.....	258
I'm bending o'er a stranger's hearth	244
I'm wearing awa, Jean.....	135

In Derry down dale when I wanted a mate	30
Ingle Side	115
In Home I find Sweets	175
In the downhill of life when I find I'm	186
Invincibles	173
Irishman	299
Isabel	124
I see them on their winding way	89
I should very much like to know	90
I sing the maid of Lodi	274
Is there a heart that never loved	153
Is there a man that never sighed	215
It is not where bright eyes are brightest	197
Its rare to see the morning bleeze	115
It was at twilight's dusky hour	256
I've gazed upon thy sunny smile	168
I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat	10
I wont be a Nun	271
Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane	134
Jockey to the Fair	277
John Anderson, my jo, John	139
Kate Kearney	32
Kate Kearney (Answer to)	194
Kathleen O'Moore	245
Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home	216
Lady, sing no more	106
Landing of Royal Charlie	72
Land of Love and Liberty	234
Land o' the Leal	135
La Rose d'Amour	70
Lass o' Gowrie	248
Lass wi' the bonny blue e'en	67
Last Bugle	147
Last Shilling	282
Last Whistle	170
Lavender Girl	138
Lay of the Minstrel Knight	223
Lay of the Wandering Arab	183
Let him who sighs in sadness here	160
Let the banner of France be unfurled	79
Let the epicure boast the delight of his soul	211

Let the farmer praise his grounds.....	156
Let us go, lassie, go	246
Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O.....	112
Life.....	133
Life let us cherish.....	30
Life's like a ship in constant motion.....	286
Light Guitar.....	86
Light Guitar (Answer to).....	87
Light House	259
Lily of France.....	79
Lily of Nithsdale	235
Living echo, bird of eve	95
Look on that brow—a playful smile.....	106
Loud roared the dreadful thunder.....	154
Love among the Roses	187
Love and the sun-dial.....	27
Love from the Heart	100
Love has Eyes.—Love's blind, they say	152
Love in the Heart.....	218
Lover's Mistake.....	269
Love's Ritornella.....	108
Love thee, dearest, love thee	41
Love wakes and weeps.....	210
Love, wand'ring through the rain.....	212
Maidens young and tender	202
Maid of Llanwellyn.....	10
Maid of Lodi.....	274
Maltese Boatman's Song	87
Man the Brother of Man	211
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale	113
March to the battle field.....	123
Marian Ramsay	98
Mariner's Bride.....	288
Mariner's Child to His Mother.....	302
Marmion	300
Marseilles Hymn of Liberty.....	102
Mellow Horn	44
Meeting of the Waters	166
Meet me by moonlight alone.....	156
Meet me to-night in the path which lies.....	181
Mermaid Song	138
Merrily Dance round the Missletoe Tree.....	202

Merrily every bosom boundeth.....	241
Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark.....	220
Merry Mountain Horn	130
Merry Mountain Pipe	202
*Mid pleasure and palaces	156
Mild Segar.....	193
Minstrel Boy.....	12
Minstrel's Return from the War	62
Minute Gun at Sea	160
Miseries of Saturday.....	189
Money is your Friend.....	260
Moon-lit Bower.....	283
Morgiana.....	125
Mother	106
Motherless.....	213
Mountaineer's Return	285
Mountain Shepherd's Lay	224
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice.....	53
Muleteer.....	222
Muleteer's Return.....	222
Musical Wife	286
My bark is upon the deep, love	28
My boat is on the shore	76
My bonnie lass, now turn to me.....	113
My cottage and vine	289
My dark-hair'd girl.....	254
My early love! I'll think on thee	213
My Friend and Pitcher	45
My Heart and Lute	119
My heart is sair for somebody	297
My Heart is Thine.....	217
My heart with love is beating	166
My Highland home, where tempests blow	221
My lovely brunette, to your Spanish guitar	291
My love, still I think that I see her once.....	245
My Love's like a Red, Red Rose....	59
My Native Land, Good Night	71
My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek	67
My wife is very musical.....	286
Nae Luck a bout the House	194
Nay, ask me not; the moon lit-bower.....	283
Neva Boatmen's Song.....	276
No more by sorrow chased, my heart	232
No! No.....	46

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	216
Nothing at All	30
Nothing True but Heaven	168
Now at moonlight's fairy hour	105
Now hope and fear my bosom rending	66
Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I	271
Oberon's Coronation	295
O Bold and True	215
O Brignal banks are wild and fair	117
Och, love is the soul of a nate Irishman	290
Of a' the airs the wind can blaw	65
Of friendship I've heard much talk	260
Oft in the stilly night	29
Oh! after many roving years	50
Oh! am I then remembered still	94
Oh! blame not the bard	26
Oh! come to me at this soft hour	304
Oh, come with me, I'll row thee o'er	177
Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney	32
Oh! do not bid me to forget	301
Oh give me but my Arab steed	33
Oh! lady, come to the Indies with me	223
Oh, lady fair, where art thou roaming	148
Oh! leave me not, my only one	61
Oh! leave the gay and festive scene	86
Oh, leave the noisy, smoky scene	193
Oh! list to my lay, said a minstrel gray	223
Oh, long shall I think of the miller's fair	174
Oh! Merry Row the Bonnie Bark	63
Oh! no, I'll never mention him	111
Oh, no, I never mentioned it	231
Oh! not when hopes are brightest	224
Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night	83
Oh! Rest thee, Babe	74
Oh! roam with me o'er distant hills	224
Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light	7
Oh! slumber, my darling	74
Oh! sweetly the noon-day is ending	86
Oh swiftly glides the bonny boat	81
Oh! take her, but be faithful still	53
Oh tell me how from love to fly	172
Oh! think not my spirits are always as light	126
Oh, think on my fate! once I freedom	171
Oh! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear	128

Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love.....	145
Oh! wear it on thy breast, my love.....	77
Oh! weep no more, sweet mother.....	302
Oh! what can compare to the huntsman's.....	73
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	157
Oh years have flown since first we met	161
Oh! yes, I have seen this Kate Kearney	194
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet	233
Old oak Tree	284
Old Towler	298
O listen, listen to the voice of Love.....	236
O, my love's like a red, red rose	59
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me.....	141
One little word before we part.....	267
One morn when bright Phœbus was low	295
One night came on a hurricane, the sea was	247
O never Fall in Love.....	135
On this cold flinty rock	254
On yonder rock reclining.....	83
Orator Puff	53
Origin of Old Bachelors	95
Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain	267
O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een	67
O! say not woman's love is bought	69
O! sweet is twilight's hour	283
O swiftly glides the bonny sleigh	237
O tell na me o' wind and rain	233
Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud	179
Our cot was sheltered by a wood	153
Our country is our ship, d'ye see	270
Pensez a Moi, ma Chere Amie.....	57
Phantom Ship.....	53
Pilgrim of Love.....	267
Pilot.....	83
Pirate's Song	223
Plain Gold Ring	226
Ply the oar, brother, and speed the boat.....	176
Poor Jack	264
Pray, Goody, please to moderate the	97
Pretty Mocking Bird	95
Red-Cross Knight	132
Remember the glories of Brian the brave	177
Rest, Warrior, Rest.....	158
Rise, Gentle Moon	178

Rise, Gentle Moon (Answer to).....	273
Rise, warrior, rise, the morn has shed.....	273
Romaika.....	57
Rosabel.....	92
Rose of Allandale.....	51
Rose of Peace.....	49
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.....	180
Sabbath Bridal.....	303
Sailor's Return.....	226
Sailor's Tear.....	105
Say, my heart, whence comes thine anguish.....	261
Say, what is dear to the heart of the brave.....	174
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.....	99
Secret of Singing.....	106
See, brothers, see, how the night comes on.....	87
Seek not with gold or glittering gem.....	35
See! the conquering hero comes.....	216
Serenade.....	303
She chanted her lover to come.....	295
She is a winsome wee thing.....	198
She is far from the land where her young.....	169
She never blamed him, never.....	109
She's all my fancy painted her.....	42
She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie.....	235
She sung, but afraid of her own sweet voice.....	211
She walks in beauty, like the night.....	74
She weeps o'er the trinkets he gave her.....	181
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	240
Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail.....	272
Should these fond hopes e'er forsake thee.....	119
Sigh not for love, if you wish not to know.....	43
Since then I'm doomed this sad reverse.....	145
Sleep, gentle lady, flowers are closing.....	303
Slowly wears the day, love.....	115
Smile again, my bonnie lassie.....	114
Soft glides the sea.....	302
Soldier's Adieu.....	184
Soldier's Dream.....	179
Soldier's Gratitude.....	92
Soldier's last Sigh.....	82
Soldier's Tear.....	110
Song of Death.....	205
Song of the Skaters.....	258
Song to the Ladybird.....	216

Soon as the sun his early ray	222
So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted	26
Sprig of Shillelah	290
Star-Spangled Banner	7
Storm	47
Summer eve is gone and past	53
Sun that lights the roses	109
Sweets of Liberty	215
Swift from the covert the merry pack fled	139
Swiss Boy	55
Swiss Hunter's Welcome Home	102
Swiss Maid	55
Take heed! whisper low	39
Teach, oh! teach me to forget	37
Tell me, have you seen a toy	70
The Anchor's Weighed	272
The bridegroom at the altar's side	104
The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho	180
The chough and crow to roost are gone	192
The de'il cam' fiddlin through the town	191
The downy cheek so red, so fair	169
The elf king is to be crowned to-night	295
The fiddler's boy to the fair is gone	225
The Golden Girl	62
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls	79
The heath is all lonely and drear, love	235
The Highland Widow	61
The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left	78
The lad that I love no lassie shall know	187
The last link is broken	107
The merry mountain pipe	202
The minstrel boy to the war is gone	12
The moon had burst the clouds of heaven	226
The moon is up! her silvery beam	273
The morn was fair, the skies were clear	51
The mountain maid from her bower has hied	98
Then wake from thy slumbers	235
The old oak tree our shade shall be	234
The parting beam of day	235
The Ray that beams forever	78
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin	122
There is a bloom that never fades	78
There is no music on the strings	61
There is no peace about the house	189

There is not in the wide world a valley.....	166
There's a health to the friends that are far.....	279
There's a tear that flows when we part	56
There's news from Moidart cam' yestreen.....	72
There's nought but care on every han'	297
The rose will cease to blow.....	230
The savage loves his native shore	299
The scene was more beautiful far to my eye.....	259
The snow-white plume her bonnet bore	64
The soldier, tired of war's alarms.....	166
The spring time of year is coming, coming	287
The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond..	134
The sun sets at night, and the stars shun	218
The tear fell gently from her eye.....	272
The toast be dear woman.....	75
The topsails shiver in the wind.....	301
The trumpet may summon thy soldier away.....	82
The Voice of Her I Love	50
The war that for a space did fail.....	300
The wealthy fool, with gold in store	45
The winds whistle cold.....	275
They come through the wild wood	293
They told me not to love him.....	256
The young May moon is beaming, love.....	188
They say my heart is not sincere	252
They say, that in the bowers	49
Thine am I, my faithful fair.....	172
This bleak and chilly morning.....	258
This love—how it plagues me	209
This world is all a fleeting show.....	168
Thorn	221
Thou art gone awa, thou'rt gone awa.....	99
Though dimpled cheeks may give the light.....	107
Though some have a notion at all times to.....	175
'Tis but Fancy's Sketch	262
'Tis evening, and the sun's last gleam	266
'Tis midnight, and sweet melodies.....	296
'Tis night—where strays my muleteer.....	222
'Tis said that absence conquers love	68
Toll not the bell of death for me.....	81
Tom Bowling	165

Tom Starboard was a lover true	163
Too Many Lovers.....	235
To sigh, yet feel no pain.....	64
Troubadour.....	80
True Yankee Sailor.....	155
'Twas at night, when the bell had toll'd twelve....	268
'Twas midnight dark.....	53
'Twas on a summer's afternoon.....	248
'Twas one morn, when the wind from the.....	142
'Twas on the morn of sweet May day.....	277
'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir.....	244
Twilight Dews.....	131
Twilight Hour.....	283
Twilight's Hour.....	256
Tyrolese Song of Liberty.....	241
Upon the hill he turned, to take a last.....	110
Uprouse ye, then, my Merry Men.....	192
Vale Crucis.—Vale of the cross.....	290
Vesper Hymn.....	279
Wake, dearest, wake! and again united.....	124
Wake! lady, wake! the midnight moon.....	227
Wake! maiden, wake! the moon.....	92
Wandering Willie.....	208
Watchman.....	124
Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams.....	116
Way-worn Traveller.....	162
We are born; we laugh; we weep.....	133
Weber's Last Thoughts.....	244
Welcome me Home.....	217
Welcome, mother! now I greet thee.....	243
Welcome of Royal Charlie.....	128
We met! 'twas in a crowd, and I thought.....	88
We never breathe his name.....	232
We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin.....	227
Wert thou like me, in life's low vale.....	252
Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam.....	92
What is it that drives the red rose from.....	218
What's an Old Bachelor Like.....	95
When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends.....	155
When absent from her, my soul holds most.....	193
When cold in the earth lies the friend thou.....	38
When life looks lone and dreary.....	137
When 'midst the gay I meet.....	16

When morning's light is gently breaking.....	167
When morn's ruddy blushes illumine the sky... ..	198
When should lovers breathe their vows	225
When sorrow clouds thy dream of mirth	57
When the Balaika is heard o'er the sea	57
When the evening star is peeping	228
When the merry fife and drum.....	173
When the rose-bud of summer.....	45
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye	253
When through life unblest we rove	176
When thy bosom heaves the sigh.....	116
When twilight dews are falling fast	131
When William Tell was doomed to die	49
When you took lodgings in my neat	228
Where are you going, my pretty maid	243
Where roses wild were blowing	151
Where's the snow, the summer snow.....	251
Whether sailor or not, for a moment avast.....	170
While the hunter o'er the mountain	102
Whilst with village maids I stray	146
Whither, I pray.....	303
William Tell.....	49
Will Watch.....	142
Will you not bless, with one sentence, a lover	46
Wine Cellar	261
With helmet on his brow, and sabre on.....	158
Woman's Worth	224
Woodbine Bower	304
Wreath the bowl.....	36
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	8
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	170
Yes, I will leave my father's halls	100
Yes! I will leave the festive scene.....	87
Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory.....	102
Young Jamie is a bonny lad.....	281
Young Love flew to the Paphian bower.....	187
Young Love found a dial once in a dark shade	27
Young Susan had lovers so many that she	235
Your lot is far above me.....	242

